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OXFORD SAUSAGE: 27

O. R.
SELECT POETICAL PIECES,

Written by the most

CELEBRATED WITS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

Adorned with CUTS, Engraved in a NEW TASTE,
and Designed by the BEST MASTERS.

——— *Tota, merum Sal.* LUCR. iv. 1156.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. FLETCHER and Co. at the *Oxford Theatre*, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; and sold by the *Booksellers of Oxford and Cambridge.*

M.DCC.LXIV.

[Price Two Shillings, sewed.]

OXFORD SAUSAGE

SPECIAL BOTTLING PIECES

WITNESSED BY THE

WITTS



OXFORD

Account with the Bank of England
in the name of the Bank of England

3 1/2

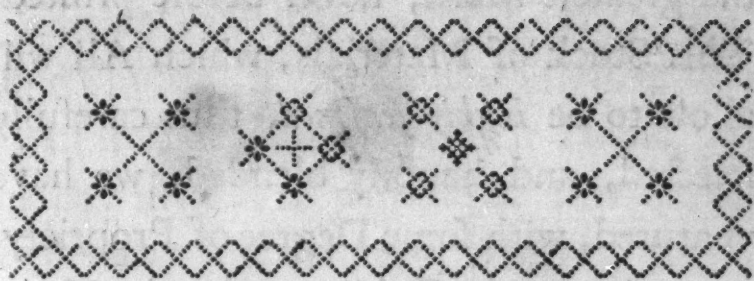
London, 18th

L O N D O N

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Printed by J. Johnston and Co.



P R E F A C E.

THE Plan of the following Miscellany may justly be considered as entirely new. Our Design was to form a Collection of such small, but valuable, *Poetical Pieces*, written by Gentlemen of OXFORD, as never before appeared together; and which being hitherto published separately, or, as it were, by Accident, would otherwise have been overlooked and forgotten, partly for want of Length, and partly from their Manner of Publication. Amongst these, are interspersed several Pieces, of

the greatest Merit, never before printed. This Stock of Materials, which All will allow to be *highly seasoned*, thus carefully selected, and happily blended, we have ventured, with some Degree of Propriety, to present to the Public, under the Name of The OXFORD SAUSAGE.

Our principal Aim, has been to collect Poems of *Humour* and *Burlesque*. And in Conformity to this Intention, our *Cuts*, for which the most able Masters have been engaged, are engraved in the same Style. On these Considerations, our SAUSAGE, we presume, will not only gratify the Palate, but, if the old and approved Proverb, LAUGH AND BE FAT, be true, will at the same Time contribute to make our Readers *Thrive*. All such Persons, therefore, as are grown *thin*, by too much Study, Fasting, and
low

P R E F A C E. Y

low Spirits, if they would improve their Constitution, and mend their Habit, are hereby invited to partake of this cheap, delicious, and salutary, *Morsel*. As to Readers of a more genial Complexion, and a more joycus Disposition, we need not doubt of being favoured with their Company. In the mean Time it is declared, that we do not mean by our *Title* to exclude any particular Sect or Denomination of People. For *Jews*, as well as *Christians*, may feed on our SAUSAGE, without hurting their Consciences.

In order to render the following Miscellany complete, no Pains have been spared in procuring Pieces, and no Resources have been left unexplored. That nothing might escape us, we have even examined the indefatigable Dr. *Rawlinson's* voluminous Collection of Manuscripts,

scripts lately presented to the *Bodleian Library*. But, we must acknowledge, without Success ; as not one *poignant Ingredient* was to be found in all that immense Heap of rare and invaluable *Originals*. Indeed, our chief Assistance has been from some curious and ingenious Members of the University of *Oxford*, who have made it their Business to preserve such *fugitive* Pieces, as were best adapted to this *Design*.

Many Conjectures, we apprehend, will be formed, concerning the *Collector* of this Work. Some will probably suspect him to be that *whimsical* Genius who compiled the COMPANION TO THE GUIDE ; while Others will perhaps guess him to be the same with the *well-bred* and *humorous* Writer of the late TERRÆ FILIUS. But these *sagacious Investigators* will have
found

P R E F A C E. vii

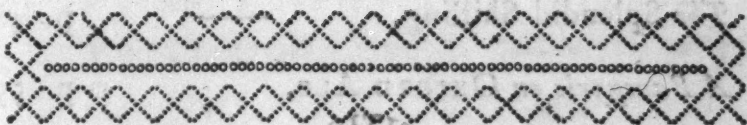
found out nothing, even if they should succeed thus far in their Conjectures: as most unluckily the Author of those Pieces will never be *known*. Notwithstanding, whoever shall be so happy as to make this *Discovery*, and will, on unquestionable Proof, deliver in the *Collector's* REAL Name, to Mr. JACKSON, *Printer, in the High-street, Oxford*, or to Mr. JAMES FLETCHER *at the Oxford Theatre, in St. Paul's Church Yard*, shall receive, as a Reward for unriddling this Mystery, and on Condition that the *Secret* go no further, *Twelve SAUSAGES*, neatly bound, gilt, and lettered.

It may be proper, in this Place, to advertise our Readers, that great Part of this Work was printed off, when we were so unfortunate as to lose the facetious Mr. BENJAMIN TYRRELL, Cook, in the *High Street,*

Street, Oxford. This fatal and unexpected Blow has retarded the Publication of our Miscellany for some little Time : but it is hoped that BEN's *Cookery*, which makes no inconsiderable Figure in this Work, will still continue to be *relished* by all Readers of true *Taste*.

It was intended, by Way of Frontispiece, to prefix to this Publication, an elegant Engraving of *Mother SPREADBURY's* Head, the original Inventress of the true *Oxford* Sausage. But as no *striking* Likeness of that celebrated *Matron* could be procured in Time, we are obliged to defer gratifying the Public in this Particular, till the Appearance of our next Edition.

CONTENTS.



CONTENTS.

*V*ERSES occasioned by Ben Tyrrell's MUTTON PIES, pag. 17. 18, 19, &c. to 24

Epigram, occasioned by a supposed extraordinary Phenomenon in Midwifery, — p. 21

Ode to a Grizzle Wig; by a Gentleman who had left off his Bob, — p. 25

Epistle from Thomas Hearn, Antiquary, to the Author of the COMPANION to the OXFORD GUIDE, — p. 27

The Progress of DISCONTENT, — p. 29

An Evening Contemplation in a College; being a Parody on Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard, — p. 36

The

The Phaeton and the One Horse Chair, pag. 43

The Splendid Shilling, — p. 48

A Panegyric on OXFORD ALE, P. 55

Ode to HORROR: In the Allegoric, Descriptive, Alliterative, Epithetical, Fantastick, Hyperbolical, and Diabolical Style of our modern Ode-Wrights, and Monody Mongers, p. 61

A PIPE of TOBACCO: In Imitation of Six several Authors. By Hawkins Browne, Esq; viz.

I. *A New Year's Ode, in Imitation of Colley Cibber, Esq;* — p. 65

II. *Imitation of Mr. A. Phillips,* — p. 67

III. — *of Mr. Thomson,* — p. 68

IV. — *of Dr. Young,* — p. 69

V. — *of Mr. Pope,* — p. 70

VI. — *of Dean Swift,* — p. 71

Pleasure of being out of Debt, — p. 73

Ode to an Eagle confined in a College Court, p. 76

Art

CONTENTS.

II

*Art of Preaching, a Fragment. In Imitation
of Horace's ART of POETRY, By the late
Rev. Christopher Pitt, — p. 79*

The celebrated Song of the All-Souls Mallard, p. 83

*Song in Honour of the Celebration of the BOAR'S
HEAD, at Queen's College, Oxford, p. 85*

Epigram on Epigrams. — p. 87

*Epistle to Mr. Robert Lowth; in Imitation
of Horace, Book ii. Epist. 19. By the
late Rev. Christopher Pitt, p. 89*

The Lounger, — p. 92

*Epigram, written by an Exciseman: And
addressed to a Young Lady, who was
courted at the same Time by an Apo-
thecary, — p. 93*

*An Epistle to Mr. Spence, when Tutor to
Lord Middlesex; in Imitation of the
First Book of Horace, Epist. 18. By
the late Rev. Christopher Pitt, p. 94*

*Morning, an Ode. The Author confined to
College, — — p. 100*

On

<i>On Miss Polly Foote's unexpected Arrival at Oxford, and speedy Flight from thence in 1758,</i>	—————	p. 101
<i>The Cushion Plot discovered by Dr. Shaw, By H. B. Esquire,</i>	—————	p. 105
<i>On lopping New-College Lime Trees,</i>		p. 106
<i>Epigram, on an OXFORD TOAST, with fine Eyes, and a bad Voice,</i>		p. 108
<i>A Ballad, occasioned by a Copy of Verses on Miss Brickenden's going from Oxford to Newnham by Water,</i>	—————	p. 109
<i>On a Beauty with Ill Qualities,</i>	———	p. 111
<i>Song of Similies. By the Reverend Dr. Bacon,</i>	—————	p. 112
<i>The SNIPE: An humorous Ballad. By the same,</i>	—————	p. 114
<i>Epigram in Martial,</i>	—————	p. 118
<i>The same literally translated,</i>	—————	ibid.
<i>TABLE TALK. Written by Dr. Ridgell,</i>		p. 119
<i>SIMILE, from Phædra and Hyppolitus,</i>		p. 125
<i>The same Parodied,</i>	—————	ibid.
		<i>Verses</i>

CONTENTS.

13

<i>Verses on the expected Arrival of Queen Charlotte; in an Epistle to a Friend, By a Gentleman of Oxford. Containing the Sentiments, Images, Metaphors, Machinery, Similies, Allusions, and all other Poetical Decorations of the OXFORD VERSES, which were to appear on that auspicious Occasion,</i>	p. 126
<i>Ode to Criticism. By Mr. Wodhull,</i>	p. 131
<i>A Poetical Epistle to ***** By the same,</i>	p. 139
<i>The JORDAN. An Imitation of Spenser,</i>	p. 155
<i>An excellent BALLAD,</i>	p. 158
<i>DIALOGUE between the POET and his SERVANT. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. ix. Book ii. By the late Reverend Mr. Christopher Pitt,</i>	p. 161
<i>EPIGRAM. On the Rev. Mr. Hanbury's Plantation and Music Meeting, at Church-Langton, in Leicestershire,</i>	p. 166
<i>The LAW STUDENT. To George Colman, A. M. of Ch. Ch. Oxford,</i>	p. 167
<i>The MOUSE and OYSTER,</i>	p. 174
	<i>An</i>

*An ancient Epitaph, in the Cloysters of
Winchester College,* ——— p. 176

Translation, ——— ——— *ibid.*

*The NEW YEAR'S GIFT; presented with a
Pair of Silk Stockings, to Miss Bell
Cooke, of Eton.* ——— p. 177

*Exaltation, or the Signature of Love. A Des-
criptive Pastoral in the modern Style,* p. 181

*Extempore Letter, from Captain Thomas, at
Bernera, to Captain Price, at Fort Au-
gustus,* ——— p. 183

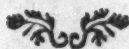
NEWMARKET. A Satire, ——— p. 188

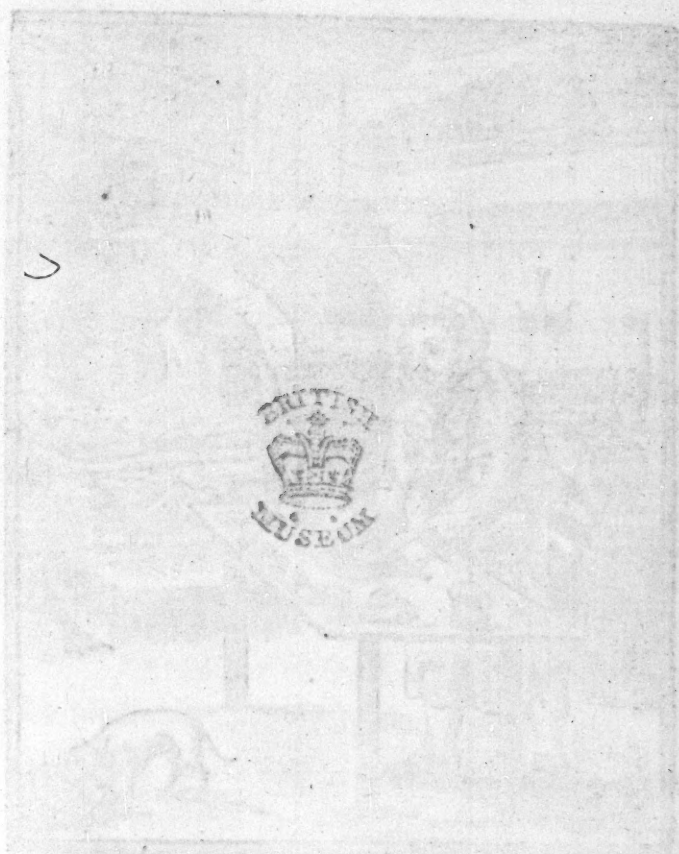
*EPITAPH, to the Pie-house Memory of Nell
Batchelor, an Oxford Pye-Woman,* p. 197

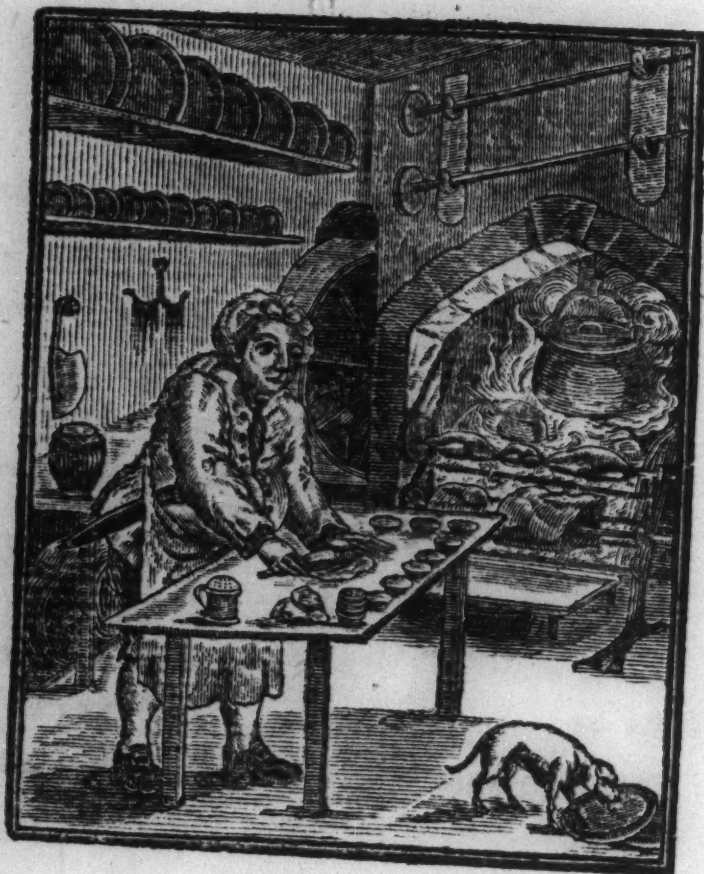
*CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY. Written in
the late War,* ——— p. 198

Imitation of Horace. Book i. Ode xxix, p. 201

Song, ——— ——— p. 202







V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

BEN TYRRELL'S MUTTON PIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ALL ye that love what's *nice and rarish*,
At *Oxford*, in *St. Mary's* Parish,
BEN TYRRELL, Cook of high Renown,
To please the Palates of the Gown,
At Three-pence each, makes **MUTTON-PIES**,
Which thus he begs to advertise:
He welcomes all his Friends at *Seven*,
Each *Saturday* and *Wedn'sday* Even*.

* Mr. TYRRELL, Cook, in the High-street, Oxford, having formed a laudable Design of obliging the University with Mutton Pies, twice a Week; this Advertisement appeared, on that Occasion, in the OXFORD JOURNAL, Nov. 25th, 1758.

No Relicks stale, with Art unjust,
 Lurk in Disguise beneath his *Crust*;
 His Pies, to give you all fair Play,
 Smoak only when 'tis *Market-Day*:
 And all must own, how *fresh* his Meat,
 While JOLLY's Porter crowns the Treat.

If *Rumps* and *Kidneys* can allure ye,
 BEN takes upon him to assure ye,
 No Cook shall better hit the Taste,
 In giving Life and Soul to *Paste*.
 If *cheap* and *good* have Weight with Men,
 Come all ye Youths, and sup with BEN.
 If *Liquor* in a MUTTON-PIE
 Has any Charms, come taste and try!
 O bear me Witness, *Isis*' Sons!
 Pierce but the Crust—the *Gravy* runs:
 The Taster licks his Lips, and cries,
 “O RARE BEN TYRRELL's MUTTON PIES!”

But hold—no more—I've said enough—
 Or else my PIES may prove—a PUFF.

BEN

BEN TYRRELL's, *Wednesday Night,*
December 6th, 1758.

HOW I congratulate fair *Isis*,
 That such the Taste for *Mutton Pies* is!
 Hail glorious BEN! whose Genius high
 First plann'd a genuine MUTTON PIE!
 Born to combine with matchless Taste,
 The Charms of *Pepper* and of *Paste*!
 Was but the Motion of my Pen
 Quick as thy *Rolling-Pin*, O BEN!
 O, could my Thoughts thy Pastry ape,
 And slide, like yielding Dough, to Shape;
 My Genius, like thy Oven glow,
 My Numbers, like thy Gravy flow;
 Or, in the Twinkling of an Eye,
 I cook an Ode — as you a Pie;
 O then (nor think, to mock thy Trade,
 My Promises of *Pie-Crust* made) —
 I'd raise thy culinary Fame
 Above immortal *Spreadbury's* Name:
 Though from all Cooks, a Matron wise,
 In *Sausages* she bore the Prize:
 Her *seasoning* Hand should yield to thine,
 Thy *Mutton* should her *Pork* outshine.

Nor shall the Muse esteem it Folly,
 To blend with thine the Praise of JOLLY *,
 Thy lov'd Compeer! cogenial Friend!
 Who mild, when Evening Shades descend,
 Imparts the froth-crown'd *Porter's Aid*,
 To smoothe the serious Brow of Trade :
 Both shall together mount the skies,
 The PORTER his——but thine the PIES.

Thine is the House, dear BEN to call at,
 Or for the *Pocket* or the *Palate*.
 For thee, the Citizen and Cit
 Their cold boil'd Beef and Carrots quit :
 Grave Aldermen, ambitious, share
 In *Alma Mater's* classic Fare :
 The blooming Toasts of *Oxford Town*
 Catch the Contagion of the *Gown*,
 And with the wonted Ev'ning nigh,
 To have a Finger in the Pie.
 As so enticing TYRRELL's House is,
 Send not too late ye pregnant Spouses !
 Think of the Midwife's vast Surprize,
 To see Boys mark'd with *Mutton Pies* !
 If this the universal Taste is
 What will become of *Ven'son Pasties* ?

* CAPTAIN JOLLY, who, *pro Bono Publico*, first reduced
 the Price of Porter in Oxford, from 6 d. to 4 d. a Quart.

What of the *Cates*, which many a Maiden,
 For the next *Christmas* Cheer has laid in?
 Sure all with BEN will sup and dine,
 And leave their CHRISTMAS PIES for THINE.

ΠΙΟΦΙΛΟΣ.



EPIGRAM, occasioned by a supposed extraordinary
Phenomenon in MIDWIFERY.

I.

SAGE Woods! though many a Dark Affair
 Be known to thy discerning Eyes;
 E'en You, with all your Skill, must stare,
 "To see Boys mark'd with Mutton Pies?"

B 3

II. What

II.

What if our *Wives*, with equal Glee,
 In Thought a *Sausage* should enjoy;
 Say, would you wonder much, to see
 The MOTHER'S LONGINGS mark the Boy?

On BEN TYRRELL'S *Pies*.

LET *Christmas* boast her customary Treat,
 A Mixture strange, of Suet, Currants, Meat,
 Where various Tastes combine, the greasy, and the
 sweet. }

Let glad *Shrove-Tuesday* bring the *Pancake* thin,
 Or *Fritter* rich, with Apples stor'd within :
 On *Easter-Sunday* be the *Pudding* seen,
 To which the *Tansy* lends her sober Green :
 And when great *London* hails her annual Lord,
 Let quiv'ring *Custard* crown the *Aldermannic Board*.

But BEN prepares a more delicious Mefs,
 Substantial Fare, a Breakfast for Queen *Befs* :
 What dainty Epicure, or greedy Glutton,
 Would not prefer *his PIE*, that's made of *Mutton*?

Each diff'rent Country boasts a diff'rent Taste,
 And owe's it's Fame to *Pudding* or to *Paste* :

SQUAB

SQUAB PIE in *Cornwall* only can they make,
 In *Norfolk* DUMPLING, and in *Salop* CAKE;
 But *Oxford* now from all shall bear the Prize,
 Fam'd, as for *Sausages*, for MUTTON-PIES.

MUTTON PIES *for the* ASSIZES.

March 1, 1760.

BEHOLD, once more, facetious BEN,
 Steps from his *Paste*, — to take the *Pen*;
 And as the *Trumpets*, shrill and loud,
 Precede the Sheriff's *Javelin'd* Crowd,
 So BEN before-hand advertises
 His snug-laid Scheme for the *Affizes*.
 Each of the Evenings, BEN proposes
 With PIES so nice to *smoak* your Noses:
 No Cost, as heretofore, he grudges,
 He'll stand the Test of able JUDGES;
 And think, that when the *Hall* is up,
 How cheap a *Juryman* may Sup!
 For LAWYERS CLERKS, in Wigs so smart,
 A tight warm Room is set apart. —
 My MASTERS eke, (might *Ben* advise ye)
 Detain'd too long at *Nizy* Prizy,
 Your College Commons lost at *Six*, —
 At BEN's the *joyial* Evening fix;

B 4

From

From * *Tripe-Indentures*, stale, and dry,
 Escap'd to PORTER and a PIE.
 Hither, if ye have any Taste,
 Ye BOOTED EVIDENCES haste!
 Ye LASSES too, both tall and slim,
 In *Riding Habits* dress'd so trim,
 Who, usher'd by some *Young Attorney*,
 Take, each Assize, an *Oxford Journey*:
 All, who *subpœna'd* on th' Occasion,
 Require genteel Accommodation,
 Oh haste to BEN's and *save your Fines*
 You'd pay at Houses deck'd with Signs!
 Lo I, a Cook of Taste and Knowledge,
 And bred the *Coquus* of a College,
 Having long known the STUDENT'S Bounty,
 Now dare to cater for the County.

Come then, of BEN, O come, and buy All—
 As 'tis *Assize-Time*, He'll stand *Trial*;
 His Cause Success will surely crown,
 His *Witnesses*——are ALL the GOWN.

* I suppose BEN means tripartite.

☞ *These five Pieces are all that appeared on this Subject.*

ODE



ODE to a GRIZZLE WIG.

By a Gentleman who had just left off his BOB.

ALL hail ye CURLS, that rang'd in reverend Row,
 With snowy Pomp my conscious Shoulders hide!
 That fall *beneath* in venerable Flow,
 And crown my Brows *above* with *feathery* Pride!
 High on your Summit, *Wisdom's* mimick'd Air
 Sits thron'd, with *Pedantry* her solemn Sire,
 And in her Net of awe-diffusing Hair,
 Entangles Fools, and bids the Croud admire.

O'er

O'er every Lock, that floats in full display,
 Sage *Ignorance* her Gloom scholastic throws;
 And stamps o'er all my Visage, once so gay,
 Unmeaning *Gravity's* serene Repose.

Can thus large *Wigs* our Reverence engage?
 Have *Barbers* thus the Pow'r to blind our Eyes?
 Is Science thus conferr'd on every Sage,
 By *Baylifs*, *Blenkingsop*, and lofty *Wife*?

But thou farewell, my BOB! whose thin-wove *Thatch*
 Was stor'd with *Quips*, and *Cranks*, and wanton *Wiles*,
 That *love to live* within the one-curl'd *Scratch*,
 With *Fun*, and all the Family of *Smiles*.

Safe in thy *Privilege*, near *Isis'* Brook,
 Whole Afternoons at *Wolvercote* I quaff'd;
 At Eve, my careless Round in *High-street* took,
 And call'd at JOLLY's for the casual Draught.

No more the *Wherry* feels my Stroke so true;
 At *Skittles*, in a *Grizzle*, can I play?
Woodstock, farewell, and *Wallingford*, adieu!
 Where many a *Scheme* reliev'd the lingering Day.

Such were the Joys that once *Hilario* crown'd,
 E'er grave *Preferment* came my Peace to rob:
 Such are the less ambitious Pleasures found
 Beneath the *Liceat* of an humble BOB.

EPISTLE



E P I S T L E,

From THOMAS HEARN, *Antiquary,*

To the AUTHOR of

The COMPANION to the OXFORD GUIDE, &c.

FRIEND of the moss-grown Spire and crumb-
ling Arch,

Who wont'st at Eve to pace the long-lost Bounds

Of lonesome *Oseney*! What malignant Fiend

Thy cloister-loving Mind, from antient Lore,

Hath base seduc'd? Urg'd thy apostate Pen

To

To trench deep Wounds on *Antiquaries* fage,
 And drag the venerable Fathers forth,
 Victims to Laughter! Cruel as the Mandate
 Of mitred Priests, who *Baskett* late enjoined
 To throw aside the reverend Letters *black*,
 And print *Fast-Prayers* in *modern* Type! — At this
*Leland**, and *Willis*, *Dugdale*, *Tanner*, *Wood*,
 Illustrious Names! with *Camden*, *Aubrey*, *Lloyd*,
 Scald their old Cheeks with Tears! For once they hop'd
 To seal thee for their own! And fondly deem'd
 The Muses, at thy Call, would crowding come
 To deck *Antiquity* with Flowrets gay.

But now may Curses every Search attend
 That seems inviting! May'st thou pore in vain
 For dubious Door-ways! May revengeful Moths
 Thy Ledgers eat! May chronologic Spouts
 Retain no Cypher legible! May Crypts
 Lurk undiscern'd! Nor may'st thou spell the Names
 Of Saints in storied Windows! Nor the Dates
 Of Bells discover! Nor the genuine Site
 Of Abbot's Pantries! And may *Godstowe* veil,
 Deep from thy Eyes profane, her *Gothic* Charms!

* Names of eminent Antiquaries.



THE
PROGRESS *of* DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

WHEN now, mature in classic Knowledge,
The joyful Youth is sent to College,
His Father comes, a Vicar plain,
At Oxford bred — in Anna's Reign,
And thus in Form of humble Suitor,
Bowling, accosts a reverend Tutor.

“ Sir,

“ Sir, I’m a Glo’stershire Divine,
 “ And this my eldest Son of nine ;
 “ My Wife’s Ambition and my own
 “ Was that *this* Child should wear a Gown :
 “ I’ll warrant that his good Behaviour
 “ Will justify your future Favour ;
 “ And for his Parts, to tell the Truth,
 “ My Son’s a very forward Youth ;
 “ Has Horace all by heart — you’d wonder —
 “ And mouths out Homer’s Greek like thunder
 “ If you’d examine — and admit him,
 “ A Scholarship would nicely fit him :
 “ That he succeeds ’tis ten to one ;
 “ Your Vote and Interest, Sir! — ’Tis done.”

Our Pupil’s Hopes, though twice defeated,
 Are with a Scholarship compleated :
 A Scholarship but half maintains,
 And College Rules are heavy Chains :
 In Garret dark he smokes and puns,
 A Prey to Discipline and Duns ;
 And now intent on new Designs,
 Sighs for a Fellowship — and Fines.

When nine full tedious Winters past,
 That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
 But the rich Prize no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his Lot:
 " These Fellowships are pretty Things,
 " We live indeed like petty Kings:
 " But who can bear to waste his whole Age
 " Amid the Dullness of a College,
 " Debarr'd the common Joys of Life,
 " And that prime Bliss — a loving Wife!
 " O! what's a Table richly spread
 " Without a Woman at its Head!
 " Would some snug Benefice but fall,
 " Ye Feasts, ye Dinners! farewell all!
 " To Offices I'd bid adieu,
 " Of Dean, Vice-præs, — of Burfar too;
 " Come Joys, that rural quiet yields,
 " Come Tythes, and House, and fruitful Fields!"

Too fond of Liberty and Ease
 A Patron's Vanity to please,
 Long Time he watches, and by Stealth,
 Each frail Incumbent's doubtful Health;
 At length — and in his fortieth Year,
 A Living drops — two hundred clear!

With

With Breast elate beyond Expression,
 He hurries down to take Possession,
 With Rapture views the sweet Retreat —
 “ What a convenient House ! how neat !
 “ For Fuel here’s sufficient Wood :
 “ Pray God the Cellars may be good !
 “ The Garden — that must be new plann’d —
 “ Shall these old-fashion’d Yew-trees stand ?
 “ O’er yonder vacant Plot shall rise
 “ The flow’ry Shrub of thousand Dies :
 “ Yon Wall, that feels the southern Ray,
 “ Shall blush with ruddy Fruitage gay :
 “ While thick beneath its Aspect warm
 “ O’er well-rang’d Hives the Bees shall swarm,
 “ From which, e’er long, of golden Gleam
 “ Metheglin’s luscious Juice shall stream :
 “ This awkward Hutt, o’er-grown with Ivy,
 “ We’ll alter to a modern Privy :
 “ Up yon green slope, of Hazels trim,
 “ An Avenue so cool and dim,
 “ Shall to an Arbour at the End,
 “ In spite of Gout, intice a Friend.
 “ My Predecessor lov’d Devotion —
 “ But of a Garden had no Notion.”

Continuing

Continuing this fantastic Farce on,
 He now commences country Parson.
 To make his Character entire,
 He weds — a Cousin of the 'Squire;
 Not over weighty in the Purse,
 But many Doctors have done worse:
 And though she boasts no Charms divine,
 Yet she can carve, and make Birch Wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his Barrel,
 Exhorts his Neighbours not to quarrel;
 Finds his Church-wardens have Discerning
 Both in good Liquor and good Learning;
 With Tythes his Barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his Surplice-fees;
 Studies to find out latent Dues,
 And regulates the *State* of Pews;
 Rides a sleek Mare with purple Housfing,
 To share the monthly Club's carousing;
 Of Oxford Pranks facetious tells,
 And — but on Sundays — hears no Bells:
 Sends Presents of his choicest Fruit,
 And prunes himself each sapless Shoot;
 Plants Colliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
 The earliest Melon of the Year;

C

Thinks

Thinks Alteration charming Work is,
Keeps Bantam Cocks, and feeds his Turkeys;
Builds in his Copse a favourite Bench,
And stores the Pond with Carp and Tench. —

But ah! too soon his thoughtless Breast
By Cares domestic is oppress'd;
And a third Butcher's Bill, and Brewing,
Threaten inevitable Ruin:
For Children fresh Expences yet,
And *Dicky* now for School is fit.

“ Why did I sell my College Life
“ (He cries) for Benefice and Wife?
“ Return, ye Days! when endless Pleasure
“ I found in Reading, or in Leisure!
“ When calm around the common Room
“ I puff'd my daily Pipe's Perfume!
“ Rode for a Stomach, and inspected,
“ At annual Bottlings, Corks selected:
“ And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
“ The Portrait of our pious Founder!
“ When *Impositions* were supply'd
“ To light my Pipe — or sooth my Pride!
“ No Cares were then for forward Peas
“ A yearly-longing Wife to please;

“ My

“ My Thoughts no Chriftning Dinners croft,
 “ No Children cry’d for butter’d Toast;
 “ And ev’ry Night I went to Bed,
 “ Without a *Modus* in my Head!”

Oh! trifling Head, and fickle Heart!
 Chagrin’d at whatfoe’er thou art;
 A Dupe to Follies yet untry’d,
 And fick of Pleasures scarce enjoy’d!
 Each Prize poffefs’d, thy Transport ceafes,
 And in Purfuit alone it pleafes.





A N
EVENING CONTEMPLATION
In a COLLEGE.

*Being a PARODY on GRAY'S ELEGY in a
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.*

THE Curfew tolls the Hour of closing Gates,
With jarring Sound the Porter turns the Key,
Then in his dreary Mansion slumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it....tho' for me.

Now

Now shine the Spires beneath the paly Moon,
 And through the Cloyster Peace and Silence reign ;
 Save where some Fiddler scrapes a drowsy Tune,
 Or copious Bowls inspire a jovial Strain :

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled Room,
 Where lies a Student in profound Repose,
 Oppress'd with Ale, wide-echoes thro' the Gloom
 The droning Music of his vocal Nose.

Within those Walls, where thro' the glimm'ring shade
 Appear the Pamphlets in a mould'ring Heap,
 Each in his narrow Bed till Morning laid,
 The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

The tinkling Bell proclaiming early Pray'rs,
 The noisy Servants rattling o'er their Head,
 The calls of Bufiness, and domestic Cares,
 Ne'er rouse these Sleepers from their downy Bed.

No chatt'ring Females crowd their social Fire,
 No Dread have they of Discord and of Strife ;
 Unknown the Names of Husband and of Sire,
 Unfelt the Plagues of matrimonial Life.

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny Walls,
 Oft have the Benches bow'd beneath their Weight :
 How jocund are their Looks when Dinner calls !
 How smoke the Cutlets on their crowded Plate !

O let not Temp'rance too-disdainful hear
 How long our Feasts, how long our Dinners last;
 Nor let the Fair with a contemptuous Sneer
 On these unmarried Men Reflections cast!

The splendid Fortune and the beauteous Face
 (Themselves confess it and their Sires bemoan)
 Too soon are caught by Scarlet and by Lace:
 These Sons of Science shine in Black alone.

Forgive, ye Fair, th' involuntary Fault,
 If these no Feats of Gayety display,
 Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing Vault
 Melodious Frazz trills her quav'ring Lay.

Say, is the Sword well suited to the Band,
 Does broider'd Coat agree with fable Gown,
 Can Dresden's Laces Shade a Churchman's Hand,
 Or Learning's Vot'ries ape the Beaux of Town?

Perhaps in these time-tott'ring Walls reside
 Some who were once the Darlings of the Fair;
 Some who of old could Tastes and Fashions guide,
 Controul the Manager and awe the Play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant Mind
 With Rome's rich Spoils and Truth's exalted Views;
 Fir'd them with Transports of a nobler Kind,
 And bade them slight all Females.... but the Muse.

Full many a Lark, high-tow'ring to the Sky,
 Unheard, unheeded greets th' Approach of Light;
 Full many a Star, unseen by mortal Eye,
 With twinkling Lustre glimmers thro' the Night.

Some future *Herring*, that with dauntless Breast
 Rebellion's Torrent shall like him oppose;
 Some mute, some thoughtless *Hardwicke* here may rest,
 Some *Pelham* dreadful to his Country's Foes.

From Prince and People to command Applause,
 'Midst ermin'd Peers to guide the high debate,
 To shield Britannia's and Religion's Laws,
 And steer with steady Course the Helm of State,

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
 Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confines;
 Forbids in Freedom's Veil t'insult the Throne,
 Beneath her Mask to hide the worst Designs,

To fill the madding Crowd's perverted Mind
 With "Pensions, Taxes, Marriages, and Jews;"
 Or shut the Gates of Heav'n on lost Mankind,
 And wrest their darling Hopes, their future Views.

Far from the giddy Town's tumultuous Strife,
 Their Wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
 Content and happy in a single Life
 They keep the noiseless Tenor of their Way.

E'en now their Books from Cobwebs to protect,
 Inclos'd by Doors of Glass, in Doric Style,
 On fluted Pillars rais'd, with Bronzes deck'd,
 They claim the passing Tribute of a Smile.

Oft are the Authors' Names, tho' richly bound,
 Mis-spelt by blund'ring Binders' want of Care;
 And many a Catalogue is strow'd around,
 To tell th' admiring Guest what Books are there.

For who, to thoughtless Ignorance a Prey,
 Neglects to hold short Dalliance with a Book?
 Who there but wishes to prolong his Stay,
 And on those Cases casts a ling'ring Look?

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting Eyes,
 Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;
 For Songs and Plays the Voice of Beauty cries,
 And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd Compeers
 Dost in their Lines their artless Tales relate,
 If chance, with prying Search, in future Years,
 Some Antiquarian shall enquire thy Fate,

Haply some Friend may shake his hoary Head,
 And say, ' Each morn, unchill'd by Frosts, he ran
 ' With Hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy Bed,
 ' To reach the Chapel ere the Psalms began.

' There

‘ There in the Arms of that lethargic Chair,
 ‘ Which rears it’s moth-devoured Back so high,
 ‘ At Noon he quaff’d three Glasses to the Fair,
 ‘ And por’d upon the News with curious Eye.

‘ Now by the Fire, engag’d in serious Talk
 ‘ Or mirthful Converse, would he loit’ring stand;
 ‘ Then in the Garden chose a sunny Walk,
 ‘ Or launch’d the polish’d Bowl with steady Hand;

‘ One Morn we miss’d him at the Hour of Pray’r,
 ‘ Beside the Fire, and on his fav’rite Green;
 ‘ Another came, nor yet within the Chair,
 ‘ Nor yet at Bowls, nor Chapel was he seen.

‘ The next we heard that in a neighb’ring Shire
 ‘ That Day to Church he lead a blushing Bride;
 ‘ A Nymph whose snowy Vest and maiden Fear
 ‘ Improv’d her Beauty while the Knot was ty’d.

‘ Now by his Patron’s bounteous Care remov’d,
 ‘ He roves enraptur’d through the Fields of Kent;
 ‘ Yet ever mindful of the Place he lov’d,
 ‘ Read here the Letter which he lately sent.’

The L E T T E R.

“ In rural Innocence secure I dwell,
 “ Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 “ Approving Conscience cheers my humble Cell,
 “ And social Quiet marks me for her own.

“ Next

“ Next to the Blessings of religious Truth
“ Two Gifts my endless Gratitude engage ;
“ A Wife, the Joy and Transport of my Youth,
“ Now, with a Son, the Comfort of my Age.

“ Seek not to draw me from this kind Retreat,
“ In loftier Spheres unfit, untaught to move ;
“ Content with calm, domestic Life, where meet
“ The Smiles of Friendship, and the Sweets of Love.





The P H A E T O N,
AND THE
O N E H O R S E C H A I R.

A T *Blagrove's* * once upon a Time,
There stood a PHAETON sublime :
Unfurnished by the dusty Road
It's Wheels with recent Crimson glow'd ;

* Well known at *Oxford* for letting out Carriages, 1763.

It's

It's Sides display'd a dazzling Hue,
 It's Harness tight, it's Lining new :
 No scheme-enamour'd Youth, I ween,
 Survey'd the gaily deck'd Machine,
 But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
 And whirl o'er *Campsfield's* † tempting Plains.
 Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
 A ONE HORSE CHAIR had took it's Stand ;
 When thus our Vehicle begun
 To sneer the luckless *Chaise and One*.

“ How could my Master place me here
 Within thy vulgar Atmosphere ?
 From classic Ground pray shift thy Station,
 Thou Scorn of *Oxford* Education !
 Your homely Make, believe me, Man,
 Is quite upon the Gothic Plan ;
 And you, and all your clumsy Kind,
 For lowest Purposes design'd :
 Fit only, with a one-ey'd Mare,
 To drag, for Benefit of Air,
 The country Parson's pregnant Wife,
 Thou Friend of dull *domestic* Life !
 Or, with his Maid and Aunt, to School
 To carry *Dicky* on a Stool :

† In the Road to *Blenheim*.

Or,

Or, haply to some Christening gay,
A brace of Godmothers convey. —

Or, when blest *Saturday* prepares
For *London* Tradesmen Rest from Cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one Day,
Companion of their genial *Sunday* !
'Tis thine, o'er Turnpikes newly made,
When timely Show'rs the Dust have laid,
To bear some Alderman serene
To *fragrant* *Hampstead's sylvan* scene.
Nor higher scarce thy Merit rises
Among the polish'd Sons of *Isis*.
Hir'd for a solitary Crown,

Canst thou to *Schemes* invite the *Gown* ?

Go, tempt some Prig, pretending Taste,
With Hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er Mutton-chops, and scanty Wine,
At humble *Dorchester* to dine !

Meantime remember, lifeless Drone !

I carry *Bucks* and *Bloods* alone.

And oh ! whene'er the Weather's friendly,

What Inn at *Abingdon* or *Henly*,

But still my vast Importance feels,

And gladly greets my entering Wheels.

And think, obedient to the Thong,

How yon gay Street we smoak along :

While

While All with envious Wonder view
The Corner turn'd so *quick and true*."

To check an Upstart's empty Pride,
Thus sage the ONE HORSE CHAIR reply'd.

" Pray, when the Consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your Spirit and Parade?
From Mirth to Grief what sad Transitions,
To broken Bones and *Impositions*!
Or if no Bones are broke, what's worse,
Your *Schemes* make work for *Glass* * and *Nourse*.—
On Us pray spare your keen Reproaches,
From *One Horse Chairs* Men rise to *Coaches*;
If calm Discretion's steadfast Hand,
With cautious Skill the Reins command.
From me fair *Health*'s fresh Fountain springs,
O'er me soft *Snugness* spreads her Wings:
And *Innocence* reflects her Ray
To gild my calm sequester'd Way:
E'en Kings might quit their State to share
Contentment and a *One Horse Chair*.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing Street
Your rapid Wheels resound so sweet;
Shall *Isis*' Sons thus vainly prize
A RATTLE of a larger Size?

* Eminent Surgeons in Oxford.

BLAGRAVE

BLAGRAVE, who during the Dispute,
 Stood in a Corner, snug and mute,
 Surpriz'd, no Doubt, in lofty Verse,
 To hear his Carriages converse,
 With solemn Face, o'er *Oxford Ale*,
 To me disclos'd this wonderous Tale:
 I strait dispatch'd it to the Muse,
 Who brush'd it up for *Jackson's* * News,
 And, what has oft' been penn'd in prose,
 Added this Moral at the Close.

“ Things may be useful if obscure;
 “ The Pace that's slow is often sure:
 “ When empty Pageantries we prize,
 “ We raise but Dust to blind our Eyes.
 “ The GOLDEN MEAN can best bestow
 “ Safety for unsubstantial Show.

* *Jackson's OXFORD JOURNAL*; where this FABLE
 first appeared.





THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

----- Sing, Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhime,
A SHILLING, BREECHES, and CHIMERAS dire.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purse, retains
A **SPLENDID SHILLING** : He nor hears with Pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale ;
But with his friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To Jun'per's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs :

* Two noted Alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Where,

Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
 Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,
 CLOE or PHILLIS ; he each circling Glas
 Wisbeth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
 Mean while, he smokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
 But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff,
 (Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers ; or from Tube as black
 As Winter-Chimney, or well-polished Jet,
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent :
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size,
 Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwaladur* and *Arthur*, Kings
 Full famous in romantick Tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing, rides, with a Design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the antient Town
 Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!

D

Whence

Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless Minutes tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monster ! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aërial Citadel ascends ;
With vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls ; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
Of Woodhole ; strait my bristling Hairs erect
Thro' sudden Fear ; a chilly Sweat bedews
My shud'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech ;
So horrible he seems ! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
Disastrous Acts forbode ; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes ; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men ;) behind him stalks
Another Monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd

A *Catchpole*

A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and magick Charms
 Erst have endu'd; if he his ample Palm
 Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
 In Durance strict detain him, till in Form
 Of Money, *PALLAS* sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken
 This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent Wretch
 With his unhallowed Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
 Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Webb
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies: She secret stands
 Within her woven Cell; the humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils

Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless Resistance make: With eager Strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
 Then, with envenomed Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
 Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
 Or Lover pendent on a Willow Tree.
 Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
 And restless wish, and rave; my parched Throat

Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
 Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
 In vain; awake I find the settled Thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasing Fantom curse.

Thus do I live, from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*;
 Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor *Medlar-Fruit*, delicious in Decay:
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
 My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
 An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, 'till cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush

On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
 The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; Horrors seize
 The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
 (Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in,
 Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.





A Panegyric on OXFORD ALE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

----- Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula Colles. HORAT.

BALM of my Cares, sweet Solace of my Toils,
Hail JUICE benignant! O'er the costly Cups
Of Riot-stirring Wine, unwholsome Draught,
Let Pride's loose Sons prolong the wasteful Night;

D 4

My

My sober Ev'ning let the Tankard bless,
 With Toast embrown'd, and fragrant Nutmeg fraught,
 While the rich Draught with oft-repeated Whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude Surfeit, or intemperate Joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my Soul
 A Calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy Trance
 Each Thought subsides, and sweet Oblivion wraps
 My peaceful Brain, as if the leaden Rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine Eyes had shed
 Its opiate Influence. What tho' sore Ills
 Oppress, dire Want of chill-dispelling Coals
 Or chearful Candle, (save the Make-Weight's Gleam
 Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing ALE
 Cheers the sad Scene, and every Want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily Task
 Of Tutor sage, upon the learned Leaves
 Of deep SMIGLECIUS much I meditate;
 While ALE inspires, and lends its kindred Aid,
 The thought-perplexing Labour to pursue,
 Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if Friends
 Cogenial call me from the toilsome Page,
 To Pot-house I repair, the sacred Haunt,
 Where, ALE, thy Votaries in full resort,
 Hold Rites Nocturnal. In capacious Chair
 Of monumental Oak and antique Mould,

That

That long has stood the Rage of conquering Years
 Inviolatè, (nor in more ample Chair
 Smoaks rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of Hen-roost, or of mirthful Rape,
 In all the Majesty of Paunch he tries)
 Studios of Ease, and provident, I place
 My gladsome Limbs; while in repeated Round
 Returns replenish'd, the successive Cup,
 And the brisk Fire conspires to genial Joy:
 While haply, to relieve the ling'ring Hours
 In innocent Delight, amusive Putt
 On smooth joint-stool in emblematic Play
 The vain vicissitudes of Fortune shews.
 Nor Reckoning, Name tremendous, me disturbs,
 Nor, call'd for, chills my Breast with sudden Fear;
 While on the wonted Door, expressive Mark,
 The frequent Penny stands describ'd to View,
 In snowy Characters and graceful Row.—

Hail, TICKING! surest Guardian of Distress!
 Beneath thy Shelter, pennyless I quaff
 The chearful Cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
 New Oysters cry'd:—Tho' much the Poet's Friend,
 Ne'er yet attempted in poetic Strain,
 Accept this Tribute of poetic Praise!

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal Heel alarms
 Our Joys secure, nor deigns the lowly Roof

Of

Of Pot-house snug to visit : wiser he
 The splendid Tavern haunts, or Coffee-house
 Of JAMES or JUGGINS, were the grateful Breath
 Of loath'd Tobacco ne'er diffus'd its Balm ;
 But the lewd Spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian Bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar Sons of humbler ALE :
 In vain — the Proctor's Voice arrests their Joys ;
 Just Fate of wanton Pride and loose Excess !

Nor less by Day delightful is thy Draught,
 All-pow'rful ALE ! whose sorrow-soothing Sweets
 Oft I repeat in vacant Afternoon,
 When tatter'd Stockings ask my mending Hand
 Not unexperienc'd ; while the tedious Toil
 Slides unregarded. Let the tender Swain
 Each Morn regale on nerve-relaxing Tea,
 Companion meet of languor-loving Nymph :
 Be mine each Morn with eager Appetite
 And Hunger undissembled, to repair
 To friendly Buttery ; there on smoaking Crust
 And foaming ALE to banquet unrestrained,
 Material Breakfast ! Thus in ancient Days
 Our Ancestors robust with liberal Cups
 Usher'd the Morn, unlike the squeamish Sons
 Of modern Times : Nor ever had the Might
 Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,

With

With British ALE improving British worth.

With ALE irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent Dun ascend my lofty Dome
Importunate: Whether the plaintive Voice
Of Landress shrill awake my startled Ear;
Or Barber spruce with supple Look intrude;
Or Taylor with obsequious Bow advance;
Or Groom invade me with defying Front
And stern Demeanour, whose emaciate Steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier Beams,
Or luckier Chance the borrow'd Boots supply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring Steel.

In vain they plead or threat: All-powerful ALE
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless Pace, and debt-despairing Looks:
E'en SPACEY with indignant Brow retires,
Fiercest of Duns! and conquer'd quits the Field.

Why did the Gods such various Blessings pour
On hapless Mortals, from their grateful Hands
So soon the short-liv'd Bounty to recall? —

Thus, while improvident of future Ill,
I quaff the luscious Tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicenc'd Blis;
Sudden (dire Fate of all Things excellent!)
Th' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing Hand
Blasts all my Joys, and stops my glad Career.

Nor

Nor now the friendly Pot-house longer yields
 A sure Retreat, when Night o'er shades the Skies ;
 Nor SHEPPARD, barbarous Matron, longer gives
 The wonted Trust, and WINTER ticks no more.

Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous Scenes
 Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant Bow'r
 On Fruits divine to feast, fresh Shade and Vale
 No more to visit, or vine-mantled Grot ;
 But, all forlorn, the dreary Wilderness,
 And unrejoicing Solitudes to trace :
 Thus too the matchless bard, whose Lay resounds
 The SPLENDID SHILLING's Praise, in nightly Gloom
 Of lonesome Garret, pin'd for chearful ALE ;
 Whose Steps in Verse Miltonic I pursue,
 Mean Follower : like him with honest Love
 Of ALE divine inspir'd, and Love of Song.
 But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful Care
 Avert his hapless Lot ! Enough for me
 That burning with cogential Flame I dar'd
 His guiding Steps at Distance to pursue,
 And sing his favorite Theme in kindred Strains.





ODE to HORROR.

In the *Allegoric, Descriptive, Alliterative, Epithetical, Fantastic, Hyperbolic, and Diabolical* STYLE of our modern ODE-WRIGHTS, and MONODY-MONGERS.

..... *Ferreus ingruit Horror.* VIRG.

O Goddess of the gloomy Scene,
Of shadowy Shapes thou black-brow'd Queen;
Thy Tresses dark with Ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring Abby found;
Oft wont from Charnels damp and dim,
To call the sheeted Spectre grim,
While

While as his loose Chains loudly clink,
 Thou add'st a Length to every Link :
 O thou, that lov'st at Eve to seek
 The pensive-pacing Pilgrim meek,
 And set'st before his shuddering Eyes
 Strange Forms, and Fiends of Giant-size,
 As wildly works thy wizzard Will,
 Till fear-struck Fancy has her Fill :
 Dark Pow'r, whose magic Might prevails
 O'er Hermit-rocks, and Fairy-vales ;
 O Goddess, erst by * SPENSER view'd,
 What Time th' Enchanter vile embru'd,
 His Hands in FLORIMEL's pure Heart,
 Till loos'd by steel-clad BRITOMART :
 O thou that erst on Fancy's Wing
 Didst terror-trembling † TASSO bring,
 To Groves where kept damn'd Furies dire
 Their blue-tipt Battlements of Fire :
 Thou that thro' many a darksome Pine,
 O'er the rugged Rock recline,
 Didst wake the hollow-whisp'ring Breeze
 With care-consumed ELOISE :
 O thou, with whom in cheerless Cell,
 The midnight Clock pale Pris'ners tell ;

* SPENSER's Fairy Queen, b. 3. canto 12.

† Gierus. Liberat. b. 14.

O haste thee, mild *Milronic* Maid,
 From yonder Yew's sequester'd shade;
 More bright than all the fabled Nine,
 Teach me to breathe the solemn Line!
 O bid my well-rang'd Numbers rise
 Pervious to none but *Attic* Eyes;
 O give the Strain that Madness moves,
 Till every starting Sense approves!

What felt the *Gallic* * Traveller,
 When far in *Arab*-desert drear,
 He found within the Catacomb,
 Alive, the Terrors of a Tomb?
 While many a Mummy through the Shade,
 In hieroglyphic Stole array'd,
 Seem'd to uprear the mystic Head,
 And trace the Gloom with ghostly Tread;
 Thou heardst him pour the stifled Groan,
 HORROR! his Soul was all thy own!

O Mother of the fire-clad Thought,
 O haste thee from thy grave-like Grot!
 (What Time the Witch perform'd her Rite,)
 Sprung from th' Embrace of TASTE and Night!
 O Queen! that erst did'st thinly spread
 The willowy Leaves o'er † Isis' Head,

* I do not remember that any poetical Use has been made
 of this Story.

† See *ISIS*, an *Elegy*.

And

And to her meek Mien did'st dispense
 Woe's most awful Negligence;
 What Time, in Cave, with Visage pale,
 She told her elegiac Tale :

O thou ! whom wand'ring WARTON saw,
 Amaz'd with more than youthful Awe,
 As by the pale Moon's glimm'ring Gleam
 He mus'd his *melancholy* Theme* :

O curfeu-loving Goddess haste !
 O waft me to some SCYTHIAN Waste,
 Where, in *Gothic* Solitude,
 Mid Prospects most sublimely rude,
 Beneath a rough Rock's gloomy Chasm,
 Thy Sister sits, ENTHUSIASM :
 Let me with her, in magic Trance,
 Hold most delirious Dalliance ;
 Till I, thy pensive Votary,
 HORROR, look madly wild like thee ;
 Until I gain true Transport's Shore,
 And Life's retiring Scene is o'er ;
 Aspire to some more azure Sky,
 Remote from dim Mortality ;
 At Length, recline the fainting Head,
 In *Druid*-dreams dissolv'd and dead.

* See *The PLEASURES of MELANCHOLY, a Poem.*



A PIPE of TOBACCO.

In Imitation of

Six Several A U T H O R S.

By HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq;

I. A NEW YEAR'S ODE,

In Imitation of COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

R E C I T A T I V O.

OLD Battle-array, big with Horror is fled,
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her Head.
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the Blessing of Peace;
Was ever a Nation so blessed as this?

E

A I R.

A I R.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat,
TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' Ire,
When wintry Storms around us beat,
TOBACCO cheers with gentle Fire.
Yellow Autumn, youthful spring,
In thy Praises jointly sing.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN Fleets,
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy Sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's Pow'r,
And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

A I R.

Happy Mortal! he who knows
Pleasure which a Pipe bestows;
Curling Eddies climb the Room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Let foreign Climes the Vine and Orange boast,
While Wastes of War deform the teeming coast;
BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a PIPE, with Ease and Freedom crown'd;
E'en restless Faction finds itself most free,
Or if a Slave, a Slave to Liberty.

A I R.

(67)

A I R.

Smiling Years that gayly run,
Round the Zodiack with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.
BRITISH Sons no longer now
Hurl the Bar, or twang the Bow,
Nor of crimson Combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

C H O R U S.

Smiling Years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiac with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

II. Imitation of Mr. A. PHILLIPS.

LITTLE Tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle Hour,
Object of my warm Desire,
Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:
And thy snowy Taper Waist,
With my Finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling Crest,
With my little Stopper prest,

E z

And

And the sweetest Blifs of Bliffes,
 Breathing from thy balmy Kiffes.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy Men;
 Who when agen the Night returns,
 When agen the Taper burns;
 When agen the Cricket's gay,
 (Little Cricket, full of Play)
 Can afford his Tube to feed
 With the fragrant INDIAN Weed :
 Pleasure for a Nose divine,
 Incense of the God of Wine.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy Men.

III. Imitation of Mr. THOMPSON.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian Suns,
 TOBACCO, Fountain pure of limpid Truth,
 That looks the very Soul; whence pouring Thou
 Swarms all the Mind; absorpt is yellow Care,
 And at each Puff Imagination burns.
 Flash on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires
 Touch the mysterious Lip that chaunts thy Praise,
 In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown.
 Behold an Engine, wrought from tawny Mines

ductile Clay, with plastick Virtue form'd,
 and glaz'd magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill.
 From PÆTOTHEKE with pungent Pow'rs perfum'd,
 All one Tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
 the parent Ray; then rudely ram'd illume
 with the red Touch of zeal-enkindling Sheet,
 mark'd with Gibsonian Lore; forth issue Clouds,
 thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting Clouds around,
 and many-mining Fires: I all the while,
 lying at Ease, inhale the breezy Balm.
 Atchieve, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,
 genial Strife and orthodoxal Ale,
 dream Life and Joy into the Muses' Bowl.
 Be thou still my great Inspirer, thou
 my Muse; oh fan me with thy Zephyrs Boon,
 while I, in clouded Tabernacle shrin'd,
 cast forth all Oracle and mystick Song.

IV. Imitation of Dr. YOUNG.

CRITICKS avaunt; TOBACCO is my theme;
 Tremble like Hornets at the blasting Steam.
 And you, Court-insects, flutter not too near
 the Light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
 OLLIO, with Flame like thine, my Verse inspire,
 shall the Muse from Smoke elicit Fire.

Coxcombs

Coxcombs prefer the tickling Sting of Snuff;
 Yet all their Claim to Wisdom is — a Puff:
 Lord FOPLIN smokes not — for his Teeth afraid:
 Sir TAWDRY smokes not — for he wears Brocade.
 Ladies, when Pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
 They love no Smoke, except the Smoke of Town;
 But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe, — no Matter,
 Strange if they love the Breath that cannot flatter!
 Its foes but shew their Ignorance; can he
 Who scorns the Leaf of Knowledge, love the Tree
 The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
 Rails at TOBACCO, though it makes him — spit.
 CITRONIA vows it has an odious Stink;
 She will not smoke (ye Gods!) but she will drink
 And chaste PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
 Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature Man:
 Yet Crouds remain, who still its Worth proclaim,
 While some for Pleasure smoke, and some for Fame
 Fame, of our Actions universal Spring,
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke, — ev'ry Thing

V. Imitation of Mr. POPE.

BLEST Leaf! whose aromack Gales dispense
 To Templars Modesty, to Parsons Sense:
 So raptur'd Priests, at fam'd DODONA'S Shrine
 Drank Inspiration from the Steam divine.

Poison that cures, a Vapour that affords
 Content, more solid than the Smile of Lords:
 Rest to the Weary, to the Hungry Food,
 The last kind Refuge of the Wise and Good.
 Inspir'd by thee, dull Cits adjust the Scale
 Of Europe's Peace, when other Statesmen fail.
 By thee protected, and thy Sister, Beer,
 Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.
 Nor less the Critick owns thy genial Aid,
 While supperless he plies the piddling Trade.
 What though to Love and soft Delights a Foe,
 By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau,
 Yet social Freedom, long to Courts unknown,
 Fair Health, fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.
 Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by Kings.

VI. Imitation of Dean SWIFT.

BOY! bring an Ounce of FREEMAN's best,
 And bid the Vicar be my Guest:

Let all be plac'd in Manner due,
 A Pot wherein to spit or spue,
 And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
 Of use to light a Pipe, or * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

This Village, unmolested yet
 By Troopers, shall be my Retreat:
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
 Who cannot write or vote for Pay.
 Far from the Vermin of the Town,
 Here let me rather live, my own,
 Doze o'er a Pipe, whose Vapour bland
 In sweet Oblivion lulls the Land,
 Of all which at Vienna passes,
 As ignorant as * * * Brass is:
 And scorning Rascals to carefs,
 Extoll the Days of good Queen BESS,
 When first TOBACCO blest our Isle,
 Then think of other Queens — and smile.

Come jovial Pipe, and bring along
 Midnight Revelry and Song;

The merry Catch, the Madrigal,
 That echoes sweet in City Hall;
 The Parson's Pun, the smutty Tale
 Of country Justice o'er his Ale.

I ask not what the French are doing,
 Or Spain to compass Britain's Ruin:

Britons, if undone, can go,
 Where TOBACCO loves to grow.



THE
PLEASURE of being OUT OF DEBT.

HORACE, Ode XXII. Book 1. imitated.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c.

I.

THE Man, who not a Farthing owes,
Looks down with scornful Eye on those,
Who rise by Fraud and Cunning;
Though in the *Pig-market* he stand
With Aspect grave and clear-starch'd Band,
He fears no Tradesman's Dunning.

II. He

II.

He passes by each Shop in Town,
Nor hides his Face beneath his Gown,
No Dread his Heart invading;
He quaffs the Nectar of the *Tuns*,
Or on a spur-gall'd Hackney runs
To London masquerading.

III.

What Joy attends a new-paid Debt!
Our Manciple I lately met
Of Visage wife and prudent;
I on the Nail my Battels paid,
The Monster turn'd away dismay'd.
Hear this, each *Oxford* Student!

IV.

With Justice and with Truth to trace
The griesly Features of his Face,
Exceeds all Man's recounting;
Suffice, he look'd as grim and four
As any Lion in the Tower,
Or half-starv'd Cat-a-Mountain.

V.

A Phiz so grim you scarce can meet
In Bedlam, Newgate, or the Fleet,
Dry Nurse of Faces horrid!

Not BUCKHORSE, fierce with many a Bruise,
 Displays such complicated Hues
 On his undaunted Forehead.

VI.

Place me on Scotland's bleakest Hill,
 Provided I can pay my Bill,
 Hang ev'ry thought of Sorrow ;
 There falling Sleet, or Frost, or Rain,
 Attack a Soul resolv'd, in vain : - - -
 It may be fair To-morrow.

VII.

To *Heddington* then let me stray,
 And take *Jo. Pullen's Tree* away,
 I'll ne'er complain of Phœbus ;
 But while he scorches up the Grass,
 I'll fill a Bumper to my Lass,
 And toast her in a Rebus.





ODE to an EAGLE,
Confined in a COLLEGE COURT.

*Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas,
Cui tantum de te licuit? - - - - -* VIRG.

Atque affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ. HOR.

I.

IMperial Bird, who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling Cloud,
Where Hyperborean Mountains hoar
Their Heads in Ether shroud; —

Thou

Thou Servant of almighty Jove,
 Who, free and swift as Thought, could'st rove
 To the bleak North's extreme Goal; —
 Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
 The sovereign Thund'rer's Arms in Air,
 And shake thy native Pole! —

II.

Oh cruel Fate! what barbarous Hand,
 What more than Gothic Ire,
 At some fierce Tyrant's dread Command,
 To check thy daring Fire,
 Has plac'd thee in this servile Cell,
 Where Discipline and Dulness dwell;
 Where Genius ne'er was seen to roam:
 Where ev'ry selfish Soul's at rest,
 Nor ever quits the carnal Breast,
 But lurks and sneaks at Home!

III.

Though dim'd thine Eye, and clipt thy Wing,
 So grov'ling! once so great!
 The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
 In tend'rest Lays thy Fate:
 What Time by thee scholastic Pride,
 Takes his precise, pedantic Stride,

Nor

Nor on thy Mis'ry casts a Care;
 The Stream of Love ne'er from his Heart
 Flows out, to act fair Pity's Part;
 But stinks, and stagnates there.

IV.

Yet useful still, hold to the Throng —
 Hold the reflecting Glass, —
 That not untutor'd at thy Wrong
 The Passenger may pass:
 Thou Type of Wit and Sense confin'd,
 Cramp'd by th' Oppressors of the Mind;
 Born to look downward on the Ground!
 Type of the Fall of Greece and Rome!
 While more than mathematic Gloom,
 Envelopes all around!





THE
ART of PREACHING,
A FRAGMENT.

In Imitation of HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

By the late Rev. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

--- *Pendent opera interrupta.* ---

SHOULD some fam'd Hand, in this fantastic Age,

Draw RICH, as RICH appears upon the Stage,

In all his Postures, in one motley Plan,

God, the Hound, the Monkey and the Man;

Here

Here o'er his Head high-brandishing a Leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his Egg;
 While Monster crowds on Monster through the Piece,
 Who could help laughing at a Sight like this?
 Or as a Drunkard's Dream together brings
 A Court of Cobblers, and a Mob of Kings;
 Such is a Sermon, where confus'dly dark,
 Join *Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke*
 So Eggs of different Parishes will run
 To batter, when you beat six Yolks to one;
 So six bright chymic Liquors if you mix,
 In one dark Shadow vanish all the fix.

This Licence Priests and Painters ever had,
 To run bold Lengths, but never to run mad;
 For these can't reconcile God's Grace to Sin,
 Nor those paint Tygers in an Ass's Skin;
 No common Dauber in one Piece would join
 A Fox and Goose, - - - unless upon a Sign.

Some steal a Page of Sense from *Tillotson*,
 And then conclude divinely with their own;
 Like Oil on Water mounts the Prelate up,
 His Grace is always sure to be at Top;
 That Vein of Mercury it's Beams will spread,
 And shine more strongly through a Mine of Lead.
 With such low Arts your Hearers never bilk,
 For who can bear a Fustian lin'd with Silk?

Sooner than preach such Stuff, I'd walk the Town,
Without my Scarf in *Whiston's* draggled Gown;
Ply at the *Chapter* and at *Child's* to read
For Pence, and bury for a Groat a Head.

Some easy Subject chuse, within your Power,
Or you will ne'er hold out for Half an Hour.

Still to your Hearers all your Sermons fort;
Who'd preach against Corruption at the Court?
Against Church Pow'r at Visitations bawl?
Or talk about Damnation at *Whitehall*?

Harangue the Horse-guards on a Cure of Souls?
Condemn the Quirks of Chancery at the *Rolls*?

Or rail at Hoods and Organs at *St. Paul's*?

Or be, like *David Jones*, so indiscreet,

To rave at Usurers in *Lombard-street*?

Begin with Care, nor, like that Curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing stumbling Syle:

"Whoever with a piercing *Eye* can see,

"Through the *past* Records of *Futurity*"—

All gape, no Meaning:—the puff Orator

Talks much, and says just nothing, for an Hour.

Truth and the Text he labours to display,

Till both are quite interpreted away:

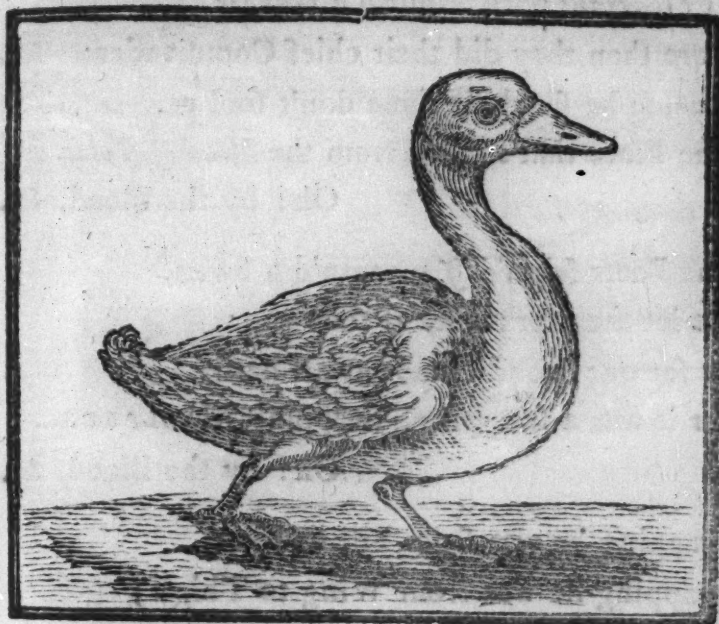
So frugal Dames insipid Water pour,

Till Green, Bohea, or Coffee are no more.

His Arguments in giddy Circles run
 Still round and round, and end where they begun:
 So the poor Turnspit, as the Wheel runs round,
 The more he gains, the more he loses Ground.
 No Parts distinct, or general Scheme we find,
 But one wild shapeless Monster of the Mind:
 So when old Bruin teems, her Children fail
 Of Limbs, Form, Figure, Features, Head or Tail;
 Nay, though she licks the Ruins, all her Cares
 Scarce mend the Lumps, and bring them but to Bears.

Ye Country Vicars, when you preach in Town
 A Turn at *Paul's*, to pay your Journey down,
 If you would shun the Sneer of every Prig,
 Lay by the little Band, and rusty Wig:
 But yet be sure, your proper Language know,
 Nor talk as born within the Sound of *Bow*.
 Speak not the Phrase that *Drury-lane* affords,
 Nor from '*Change-alley* steal a Cant of Words.
 Coachmen will criticise your Style, nay further,
 Porters will bring it in for wilful Murder;
 The Dregs of the Canaille will look askew
 To hear the Language of the Town from you;
 Nay, my Lord May'r, with Merriment possess,
 Will break his Nap, and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the Aldermen to hear the Jest.

* * * * *



THE
CELEBRATED SONG
OF THE
ALL-SOULS MALLARD.

GRIFFIN, Bustard, Turkey, Capon,
Let other hungry Mortals gape on;
And on the Bones their Stomach fall hard,
But let All-Souls Men have their Mallard.

Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
It was a swopping, swopping Mallard.

The *Romans* once admir'd a *Gander*
 More than they did their chief Commander:
 Because he sav'd, if some don't fool us,
 The Place that's call'd from the *Head of Tolus*.
 Oh! by the Blood, &c.

The Poets feign'd *Jove* turn'd a Swan,
 But let them prove it, if they can:
 As for our Proof 'tis not at all hard,
 For it was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.
 Oh! by the Blood, &c.

Swapping he was from Bill to Eye;
 Swapping he was from Wing to Thigh;
 His Swapping Tool of Generation
 Out-swapped all the wing'd Creation:
 Oh! by the Blood, &c.

Therefore let us sing and dance a Galliard,
 To the Remembrance of the MALLARD:
 And as the Mallard dives in Pool,
 Let us dabble, dive, and duck in Bowl.
 Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
 Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
 It was a swopping swopping Mallard.

A S O N G



S O N G,

In Honour of the Celebration of the BOAR'S HEAD,

At QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

I Sing not of Roman or Grecian mad Games,
The Pythian, Olympic, and such like hard Names;
Your Patience awhile with Submission I beg,
I strive but to honour the Feast of Coll. Reg.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

No Thracian Brawls at our Rites ere prevail,
We temper our Mirth with plain sober mild Ale;
The tricks of old Circe deter us from Wine;
Though we honour a Boar, we won't make ourselves
Swine.

Derry down, &c.

Great Milo was famous for slaying his Ox,
 Yet he prov'd but an Ass in cleaving of Blocks :
 But We had a Hero for all Things was fit,
 Our Motto displays both his Valour and Wit.

Derry down, &c.

Stout Hercules labour'd, and look'd mighty big,
 When he slew the half-starv'd Erymanthian Pig,
 But we can relate such a Stratagem taken,
 That the stoutest of Boars, could not *save his own*
Bacon.

Derry down, &c.

So dreadful this bristle-back'd Foe did appear,
 You'd have sworn he had got the wrong *Pig by the Ear.*
 But instead of avoiding the Mouth of the Beast,
 He ramm'd in a Volume, and cry'd — *Græcum est.*

Derry down, &c.

In this gallant Action such Fortitude shewn is,
 As proves him no Coward, nor tender Adonis;
 No Armour but Logic; by which we may find
 That Logic's the Bulwark of Body and Mind.

Derry down, &c.

Ye Squires that fear neither Hills nor rough Rocks,
 And think you're full wise when you outwit a Fox;
 Enrich your poor Brains and expose them no more,
 Learn Greek, and seek Glory from hunting the Boar.

Derry down, &c.



EPIGRAM *on an* EPIGRAM.

I.

ONE Day in *Christ-Church* Meadows walking,
 Of Poetry, and such Things talking,
 Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,
 An EPIGRAM, if right and good,
 In all it's Circumstances shou'd
 Be like a *Jelly-Bag*.

Your

II.

Your Simile, I own, is new,
But how do'st make it out, quoth *Hugh*?
Quoth *Ralph*, I'll tell thee Friend;
Make it at Top both wide and fit
To hold a Budget-full of Wit,
And point it at the End*.

* *N. B.* This *Epigram* is printed from the original *Manuscript*,
preserved in the ARCHIVES of the Jelly-Bag Society.





A N

EPISTLE to Mr. ROBERT LOWTH,

In Imitation of HORACE, Book ii. Epist. 19.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

TIS said, dear Sir, no Poets please the Town,
Who drink mere Water, though from *Helicon*;
or in cold Blood they seldom boldly think;
Their Rhymes are more insipid than their Drink.
Not great *Apollo* could the Train inspire,
Till generous *Bacchus* help'd to fan the Fire.

Warm'd

Warm'd by two Gods at once, they drink and write,
 Rhyme all the Day, and fuddle all the Night.
Homer, says *Horace*, nods in many a Place,
 But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the Glas.
 Inspir'd with Wine old *Ennius* sung and thought,
 With the same Spirit, that his Heroes fought:
 And we from *Jonson's* Tavern-laws divine,
 That Bard was no great Enemy to Wine.
 'Twas from the Bottle *King* deriv'd his Wit,
 Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
 Let no coif'd Serjeant touch the sacred Juice,
 But leave it to the Bards for better Use:
 Let the grave Judges too the Glas forbear,
 Who never sing and dance but once a Year.
 This Truth once known, our Poets take the Hint,
 Get drunk or mad, and then get into Print:
 To raise their Flames indulge the mellow fit,
 And lose their Senses in the Search of Wit:
 And when with Claret fir'd they take the Pen,
 Swear they can write, because they drink, like *Ben.*
 Such mimick *Swift* or *Prior* to their Cost,
 For in the rash Attempt the Fools are lost.
 When once a Genius breaks through common Rules
 He leads an Herd of imitating Fools.
 If *Pope*, the Prince of Poets, sick a-bed,
 O'er steaming Coffee bends his aching Head,

The Fools in publick o'er the fragrant Draught
 Incline those Heads, that never ach'd or thought.
 This must provoke his Mirth, or his Disdain,
 Cure his Complaint, — or make him sick again.
 I too, like them, the Poet's Path pursue,
 And keep great *Flaccus* ever in my View;
 But in a distant View — yet what I write,
 In these loose Sheets, must never see the Light;
 Epistles, Odes, and twenty Trifles more,
 Things that are born and die in half an Hour.
 What! you must dedicate, says sneering *Spence*,
 This Year some new Performance to the Prince:
 Though Money is your Scorn, no doubt in Time,
 You hope to gain some vacant Stall by Rhyme;
 Like other Poets, were the Truth but known,
 You too admire whatever is your own.
 These wise Remarks my Modesty confound,
 While the Laugh rises, and the Mirth goes round;
 Next at the Jest, yet glad to shun a Fray,
 Whisk into my Coach, and drive away.





T H E
L O W N G E R.

I Rise about Nine, get to Breakfast by ten,
 Blow a Tune on my Flute, or perhaps make a Pen,
 Read a Play 'till eleven, or cock my lac'd Hat;
 Then step to my Neighbour's, till Dinner, to chat.
 Dinner over, to *Tom's*, or to *James's* I go,
 The News of the Town so impatient to know;
 While *Law*, *Locke*, and *Newton*, and all the rum Race
 That talk of their Modes, their Ellipses, and Space,
 The Seat of the Soul, and new Systems on high,
 In Holes, as abstruse as their Mysteries, lye.

From

From the Coffee-house then I to Tennis away,
 And at five I post back to my College to pray :
 I sup before eight, and secure from all Duns,
 Undauntedly march to the *Mitre*, or *Tuns*;
 Where in Punch or good Claret my Sorrows I drown,
 And tofs off a Bowl; to the best in the Town :
 At one in the Morning, I call what's to pay,
 Then Home to my College I stagger away,
 Thus I tope all the Night, as I trifle all Day.

}

EPIGRAM, *written by an EXCISEMAN.*

And address'd to a Young Lady, who was courted at
 the same Time by an APOTHECARY.

Pen
 hat.
 Racc
 pace,
 ,
 From

WHAT though the Doctor boasts to fit
 Your *Mortar* to his *Pestle*;

Are not my *Inches* every whit

As good to gage your *Vessel*?



A N
EPISTLE *to Mr. SPENCE,*

When Tutor to Lord MIDDLESEX.

In Imitation of HORACE, Book i. Epist. 18.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SPENCE, with a Friend you pass the Hours away
In pointed Jokes, yet innocently gay :
You ever differ'd from a Flatterer more,
Than a chaste Lady from a flaunting Whore.

'Tis true you rallied every Fault you found,
 But gently tickled, while you cur'd the Wound:
 Unlike the paultry Poets of the Town,
 Rogues who expose themselves for half a Crown;
 And still impose on ev'ry Soul they meet
 Rudeness for Sense, and Ribaldry for Wit:
 Who, tho' half-starv'd, in spite of Time and Place,
 Repeat their Rhymes, tho' Dinner stays for Grace:
 And as their Poverty their Dresses fit,
 They think of course a Sloven is a Wit:
 But Sense (a Truth these Coxcombs ne'er suspect,)
 Lies just 'twixt Affectation and Neglect.

One Step, still lower, if you condescend,
 To the mean Wretch, the great Man's humble Friend;
 That moving Shade, that Pendant at his Ear,
 That two-legg'd Dog, still pawing on the Peer.
 Studying his Looks, and watching at the Board,
 He gapes to catch the Droppings of my Lord;
 And tickled to the Soul at ev'ry Joke,
 Like a press'd Watch, repeats what t'other spoke:
 Echo to Nonsense! such a Scene to hear!
 'Tis just like *Punch* and his Interpreter.

On Trifles some are earnestly absurd,
 You'll think the World depends on ev'ry Word.---

What

What, is not ev'ry Mortal free to speak?
 I'll give my Reasons, tho' I break my Neck ---
 And what's the Question? --- if it shines or rains,
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen Miles to *Staines*.

The Wretch reduc'd to Rags by ev'ry Vice,
 Pride, Projects, Races, Mistresses and Dice,
 The rich Rogue shuns, tho' full as bad as he,
 And knows a Quarrel is good Husbandry.

'Tis strange, cries Peter, you are out of Pelf,
 I'm sure I thought you wiser than myself;
 Yet gives him nothing --- but Advice too late,
 Retrench, or rather mortgage your Estate,
 I can advance the Sum, --- 'tis best for both, ---
 But henceforth cut your Coat to match your Cloth.

A Minister, in mere Revenge and Sport,
 Shall give his Foe a poultry Place at Court.
 The Dupe for ev'ry royal Birth-day buys
 New Horses, Coaches, Cloaths, and Liveries;
 Plies at the Levee, and distinguish'd there
 Lives on the Royal Whisper for a Year;
 His Wenches shine in Brussels and Brocade;
 And now the Wretch, ridiculously mad,
 Draws on his Banker, mortgages and fails,
 Then to the Country runs away from Jails:

There ruin'd by the Court he sells a Vote
 To the next Burgeſſs, as of old he bought;
 Rubs down the Steeds which once his Chariot bore,
 Or ſweeps the Town, which once he *ſerv'd* before.

But, by this roving Meteor led, I tend
 Beyond my Theme, forgetful of my Friend.
 Then take Advice; I preach not out of Time,
 When good Lord Middleſex is bent on Rhyme.

Their Humour check'd, or Inclination croſt,
 Sometimes the Friendſhip of the Great is loſt.
 Unleſs call'd out to wench, be ſure comply,
 Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by:
 For your Reward you gain his Love, and dine
 On the beſt Ven'ſon and the beſt French Wine:
 Nor to Lord ***** make the Obſervation,
 How the twelve Peers have answer'd their Creation,
 Nor in your Wine or Wrath betray your Truſt,
 Be ſilent ſtill, and obſtinately juſt:
 Explore no Secrets, draw no Characters,
 For Echo will repeat, and Walls have Ears:
 Nor let a buſy Fool a Secret know,
 A Secret gripes him till he lets it go:
 Words are like Bullets, and we wiſh in vain,
 When once diſcharg'd, to call them back again.

G

* * * * * Defend,

* * * * *

Defend, dear *Spence*, the honest and the civil,
But to cry up a Rascal — that's the Devil.
Who guards a good Man's Character, 'tis known,
At the same Time protects and guards his own.
For as with Houses, 'tis with Peoples Names,
A Shed may set a Palace all on Flames;
The Fire neglected on the Cottage preys,
But mounts at last into a general Blaze.

'Tis a fine Thing, some think, a Lord to know;
I wish his Tradesmen could but think so too.
He gives his Word — then all your Hopes are gone;
He gives his Honour — then you're quite undone.
His and some Women's Love the same are found,
You rashly board a Fireship and are drown'd.

Most Folks so partial to themselves are grown,
They hate a Temper diff'ring from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
And Formalists pronounce the witty mad:
The Sot, who drinks six Bottles in a Place,
Swears at the Flinchers who refuse their Glass.
Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd Man,
Comply with ev'ry Humour that you can.

Pope will instruct you how to pass away
 Your Time like him, and never lose a Day;
 From Hopes or Fears your Quiet to defend,
 To all Mankind as to yourself a Friend,
 And sacred from the World, retir'd, unknown,
 To lead a Life with Morals like his own.

When to delicious *Pimperne* I retire,
 What greater Bliss, my *Spence*, can I desire?
 Contented there my easy Hours I spend
 With Maps, Globes, Books, my Bottle and a Friend.
 There can I live upon my Income still,
 E'en though the House should pass the Quakers Bill;
 Yet to my Share should some good Prebend fall,
 I think myself of Size to fill a Stall.
 For Life or Wealth let Heav'n my Lot assign,
 A firm and even Soul shall still be mine.



MORNING. *An ODE.*

The Author confined to College.

Scribimus inclusi. - - - - - *PERS. Sat. i. V. 13.*

ONCE more the vernal Sun's ambrosial Beams
The Fields, as with a purple Robe, adorn:
Char-well, thy sedgy Banks, and glist'ring Streams
All laugh and sing at mild Approach of Morn;
Thro' the deep Groves I hear the chaunting Birds,
And thro' the clover'd Vale the various-lowling Herds.

Up mounts the Mower from his lowly Thatch,
Well pleas'd the Progress of the Spring to mark,
The fragrant Breath of Breezes pure to catch,
And startle from her Couch the early Lark;
More genuine Pleasure sooths his tranquil Breast,
Than high-thron'd Kings can boast, in eastern Glory
drest.

The pensive Poet through the Green-wood steals,
Or treads the willow'd Marge of murm'ring Brook;
Or climbs the steep Ascent of airy Hills;
There sits him down beneath a branching Oak,
Whence various Scenes, and Prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing Mind with Fancies high to glow.

But

But I nor with the Day awake to Bliss,
 (Inelegant to me fair Nature's Face,
 A Blank the Beauty of the Morning is,
 And Grief and Darknes all for Light and Grace ;)
 Nor bright the Sun, nor green the Meads appear,
 Nor Colour charms mine Eye, nor Melody mine Ear.
 Me, void of Elegance and Manners mild,
 With leaden Rod, stern Discipline restrains ;
 Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the Child,
 My roving Genius binds in Gothic Chains ;
 Nor can the cloyster'd Muse expand her Wing,
 Nor bid these twilight Roofs with her gay Carols ring.

On Miss POLLY FOOTE's

*Unexpected Arrival at OXFORD,
 And speedy Flight from thence, 1758.*

LONG had fair *Venus* and her Son
 Distress'd *Minerva's* darling Town
 With Persecution jealous ;
 Of Belles so scanty was her Choice,
 She scarce could furnish Toasts for Boys,
 Or Wives for humbler *Fellows*.

Yet *Pallas* all their Spleen defy'd,
And prudently the Loss supplied
Of such precarious Blissess :
Hence were her Sons more studious grown :
Her Discipline went smother on,
'Mid Troops of homely Misses.

Cupid, who late had seen the Place,
Found they had quite mistook the Case,
That Books would grow in Fashion,
That dazzling Eyes and blooming Cheeks,
Could only tame those hardy *Greeks*,
And bring them to Submission.

Then swift as Thought he flew to Town,
And *Polly* straight is order'd down ;
The Champion of Beauty ;
For well his Godship did devise,
That *Polly's* Charms and *Polly's* Eyes
Would be alert on Duty.

She came, and with each Grace complete,
From a *Venetian* Window's Height
Her Battery she play'd :
The fatal Slaughter who can tell,
What Troops of gazing Students fell,
Stretch'd o'er the smooth *Parade* ?

Sage Folios, now a musty Heap,
In Chains and learned Darknefs sleep,
All Logick's turn'd to Folly;
Each Student takes his Cap and Gown,
And runs through ev'ry Street in Town,
To catch a Look at *Polly*.

Who now can pedant Rules endure? —
“ Go Boy, and bid the best Friseur,
“ At Six precise be wi' me;”
My Hair in Wires exact and nice,
I'll trim my Cap to smallest Size,
That *Polly* sure may see me.

Nay e'en the Don his Pipe foregoes,
That Friend to Wisdom and Repose,
Lest *Polly* be offended;
And *Galen's* sagest Sons will leave,
To dangle Hours at *Polly's* Sleeve,
Their Patients unattended.

See Churches are forsaken too,
If *Polly* does not grace a Pew,
To keep grave Heads from sleeping:
Mad *H-tch-nf-n--ns* rave in vain,
The sad deserted Seats remain
For 'Prentice Boys to weep in.

Cupid

Cupid, who stood at *Polly*'s Side
Incog, and ev'ry Shaft supplied,
 Laugh'd with insulting Malice,
 To see how sure each Arrow flew,
 How at each killing Glance she flew
 Some fav'rite Son of *Pallas*.

Then to *Jove*'s Court he wing'd his Way,
 To tell the Triumphs of the Day,
 And publish *Polly*'s Glory;
 But *Pallas* had that Morn been there;
 And humbly sought of *Jove* to hear
 The Hardships of her Story.

“ That all her Sons were Rebels grown,
 “ No Books were read, no Rules were known;
 “ Her fav'rite Seat was undone:”

Her Plea was heard, 'twas *Jove*'s Decree
 That *Iris* should next Week convey
 Fair *Polly* back to *London*.



The CUSHION PLOT

Discovered by Dr. SHAW.

By H. B. Esq;

WHEN *Gaby* Possession had got of the HALL,
He took a Survey of the Chapel and All,
Since that, like the rest, was just ready to fall.

Which nobody can deny.

And first he began to examine the Chest,
Where he found an old *Cushion* which gave him Distaste;
The first of the Kind that e'er troubled his Rest.

Which nobody, &c.

Two Letters of Gold on this Cushion were rear'd;
Two Letters of Gold once by *Gaby* rever'd,
But now, what was Loyalty, Treason appear'd:

Which nobody, &c.

"*J. R.* (quoth the Don, in Soliloquy bass)
See the Works of this damnable Jacobite Race!
We'll out with the *J*, and put *G* in it's Place:"

Which nobody, &c.

And now to erase these Letters so rich,
Or Sciffars and Bodkin his Fingers did itch,
Or Converts in Politicks go *thorough-stitch*.

Which nobody, &c.

The Thing was almost as soon done as said,
Poor *J* was depos'd, and *G* reign'd in his Stead;
Such a quick Revolution sure never was read!

Which nobody, &c.

Then hey for Preferment—But how did he stare,
When convinc'd and aſham'd of not being aware,
That J flood for * JEMMET, for RAYMOND the R.

Which nobody, &c.

Then beware all ye Parents, from hence I adviſe,
How ye chuſe Chriſtian Names for the Babes ye baptize,
For if Gaby dont like 'em he'll pick out their J's.

Which nobody can deny.

On LOPPING New-College LIME TREES.

WHILOM a Row of ſaucy Limes,
Planted, I ween, in luckleſs Times,
By ſome ill-favour'd Burſar ;
Like Upſtarts vain, grew proud and tall,
And boldly perk'd it o'er the Wall,
No Trees look'd ever fiercer.

But late for ſundry Crimes arraign'd,
(Whether ſome ſtripling Shrubs complain'd
Theſe Rogues preſum'd to flight 'em,
Or whether they were heard to prate
Of ſome ſad Yews untimely Fate,
That once grew over-right 'em :

* The Benefactor who gave the Cuſhion.

Or if by Chance their Heads they shook,
When tow'ards the Church they turn'd a Look,

And mourn'd the sad Conditions,
Of poor St. *Peter's** num'rous Dead,
That to their Graves were daily led,
Since some Folks turn'd Physicians)

Whate'er the Cause, some angry Pow'r
Resolv'd their daring Tops to low'r;

His murd'rous Mates assembled:
Oh! as the mangling Crew appears,
Arm'd with Ax, Hatchet, Saw, and Shears,
How ev'ry *Dryad* trembled.

Sore Cause, for ne'er in Grove of Oak
Did spendthrift Heir's unpity'd Stroke,
Such Butchery exhibit;
Each Arm they maim'd, each Head they topt,
Nor ever left a Limb unlopt,
To make the Dogs a Gibbet.

So looks the poor dismember'd Tar,
Who late was Thunderbolt of War,
But fall'n in barb'rous Clutches;
From mangling Hospital turn'd out,
Maim'd, halt, and naked, limps about,
To beg with Stumps and Crutches.

* St. *Peter's* Church, in the East, at *Oxford*.

Oh!

Oh! how the sad succeeding Year,
Will each kind Stranger's pitying Tear,
Our wond'rous Change bemoan;
To see each Tree once green and tall
A shapeless Block become; and all
Our Hedge-rows turn'd to Stone.

But we, blest Minions, all our Days
Shall bask in *Phæbus'* warmest Rays,
No Shade can now controul us:
And should he chance to overheat us,
He by the same good Hand can treat us,
With gentle Purge to cool us.

E P I G R A M,
ON AN
OXFORD TOAST,
With fine Eyes, and a bad Voice.

LUCETTA's Charms our Hearts surprise
At once with Love and Wonder;
She bears Jove's *Lightning* in her *Eyes*,
But in her *Voice* his *Thunder*.

A B A L L A D,

To the Tune of To you fair Ladies now at Land.

*Occasioned by a late Copy of Verses on Miss BRICKENDEN's going to
Newnham-by Water ; in which were the following Lines:*

“ The lofty Trees of Newnham's pendent Wood,
“ To meet her seem to rush into the Flood ;
“ Peep o'er their Fellows Heads to view the Fair
“ Whose Name upon their wounded Barks they bear.
“ Repress your amorous Haste ; the lovely Maid
“ In *Person* deigns to cheer the gloomy Shade.”

WHILST you my charming Anna reign,
Of ev'ry Muse the Theme ;

Whose Presence decks with Flowers the Plain,

With Pride swells Ifis' Stream ;

May I presume you'll lend an Ear,

To me, your humble Sonneteer ? — *Fa, la.*

But lest, my Fair, you think me cold,

Cry pish, and call me rude ;

Or think that I dare be so bold,

My Passion to intrude ;

It is not for myself I sue,

'Tis for *some Trees that die for you.* — *Fa, la.*

Since

Since late on Ifis' silver Flood
 Your fatal Form was seen,
 Some luckless Oaks of Newnham Wood,
 Till then full fresh and green,
 No more their verdant Honours spread,
 But sigh for you, and hang their Head. — *Fa, la*
 'Tis said, that with a Look most queer,
 The Dotards peeping stood;
 No Priest with more lascivious Leer,
 Confessing Nun e'er view'd;
 Nay that they *rust'd into the Flood*. —
 Were e'er such am'rous *Sticks of Wood*? — *Fa, la*
 How then can all your num'rous Band
 Of Lovers not despair;
 When *Hearts of Oak* could not withstand
 A Face so wond'rous fair?
 Since in your Breast no Pity's found,
 Tho' Lovers hang, and *Trees are drown'd*. — *Fa, la*
 In Pity to your Wit, restrain
 The Lightning of your Eyes;
 Since at each Glance upon the Plain,
 Some bleeding *Forest* dies:
 If you proceed, my lovely Maid,
 You'll ruin our *poetic Shade*. — *Fa, la*.

Well might the Poet's am'rous Song

Stile you the publick Care;

For all our Country 'Squires e'er long,

Will dread the passing Fair.

Think what will good Lord *Harcourt* do,

Now *Newnham Woods* are fir'd by you! — *Fa, la.*

On a BEAUTY with ILL QUALITIES.

Mistaken Nature here has join'd
A beauteous Face and ugly Mind;

In vain the faultless Features strike,

When Soul and Body are unlike;

Pity those snowy Breasts should hide

Deceit, and Avarice, and Pride!

So in rich Jars from *China* brought,

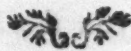
With glowing Colours gayly wrought,

Oftimes the subtle Spider dwells,

With secret Venom bloated swells,

Weaves all his fatal Nets within,

As unsuspected, as unseen.



A SONG of SIMILIES.

By the Reverend Dr. BACON.

I'VE THOUGHT; the fair *Clarissa* cries:
What is it like, Sir?—Like your Eyes.
'Tis like a Chair—'Tis like a Key—
'Tis like a Purge—'Tis like a Flea—
'Tis like a Beggar—like the Sun—
'Tis like the Dutch—'Tis like the Moon—
'Tis like a Kilderkin of Ale—
'Tis like a Doctor—like a Whale.

Why are my Eyes, Sir, like a SWORD?
For that's the Thought upon my Word. —
Ah! witness ev'ry Pang I feel;
The Deaths they give their Likeness tell.

A Sword is like a Chair, you'll find,
Because 'tis *most an end behind*.
'Tis like a Key, for 'twill undo one;
'Tis like a Purge, for 'twill run through one.
'Tis like a Flea, and Reason good,
'Tis often drawing human Blood.
Why like a Beggar you shall hear,
'Tis often borne before the Mayor.

'Tis like the Sun because 'tis gilt,
Besides it travels in a *Belt*.

'Tis like the Dutch we plainly see,
Because that State, whenever we
A Push for our own Int'rest make,
Does instantly our Sides forsake.

The Moon — Why when all's said and done,
A Sword is very like the Moon:

For if his Majesty, (God blefs him)
When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
Is pleas'd his Favours to bestow

On him before him kneeling low,
This o'er his Shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the Glory to the Knight. [*Night*]

'Tis like a Kilderkin, no Doubt,
For 'tis not long in drawing out.

'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
Dispute a Doctor's Pow'r to kill?

But why a Sword is like a Whale,
Is no such easy Thing to tell.

But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see,

Why let it then a Backsword be:

Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
To raise up somewhat like a *Whale*.

The S N I P E.
An HUMOUROUS BALLAD.

By the Same.

Tune,—*Abbot of Canterbury.*

I'LL tell you a story, a story that's true,
A story that's dismal, and comical too ;
It is of a Friar, who some people think,
Tho' as sweet as a nut, might have dy'd of a stink.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

This Friar would often go out with his gun,
And tho' no great marksman, he thought himself one ;
For tho' he for ever was wont to miss aim,
Still something but never himself was to blame.

Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young Peter, a friend of the Friar's,
With legs arm'd with leather, for fear of the briars,
Went out with him once, tho' it signifies not
Where he hired his gun, or who tick'd for the shot.

Derry down, &c.

Away these two trudg'd it, o'er hills and o'er dales,
They popt at the partridges, frighten'd the quails ;
But, to tell you the truth, no great mischief was done,
Save spoiling the proverb, *as sure as a gun.*

Derry down, &c.

But at length a poor Snipe flew direct in the way,
 In open defiance, as if he would say,
 " If only the Friar and Peter are there,
 " I'll fly where I list, there's no reason to fear."

Derry down, &c.

Tho' little thought he that his death was so nigh,
 Yet Peter by chance fetch'd him down from on high;
 His shot was ramm'd down with a journal, I wist,
 The first Time he charg'd so improper with *Miss*.

Derry down, &c.

Then on both sides the speeches began to be made,
 As—I beg your acceptance—O! no sir, indeed—
 I beg that you would sir,—for both wisely knew,
 That one Snipe could ne'er be a supper for two.

Derry down, &c.

What the Friar declin'd in a most civil sort,
 Peter slipt in his pocket; the de'el take him for't!
 But were the truth known, 'twould plainly appear,
 He oft times had found a longer bill there.

Derry down, &c.

Hid in his pocket the Snipe safely lay,
 While a week did pass over his head, and a day,
 Till the ropes for a toast too offensive were grown,
 And were smelt out by ev'ry nose but his own.

Derry down, &c.

The Friar look'd wholesome it must be agreed,
 So no one could say, whence the stink should proceed;
 Where the stink might be laid, tho' no one could say,
 'Tis certain he brought it and took it away.

Derry down, &c.

At sight of the Friar began the perfume,
 And scarce he appeared but he scented the room:
 Snuff-boxes were held in the highest esteem,
 And all the wry Faces were made where he came.

Derry down, &c.

As the place he was in it was call'd this and that;
 In his room 'twas a close-stool, or else a dead rat;
 In the fields where he walk'd for some carrion 'twas
 'Twas a fart at the *Angel* and pass'd for a jest. [guest,

Derry down, &c.

At length the suspicion fell thick on poor Tray,
 Till he took to his heels and with speed ran away;
 Thought the Friar poor Tray I'll remember thee soon,
 If I live to grow sweet I'll give thee a bone.

Derry down, &c.

For he knew that poor Tray was most highly abus'd,
 And if any, himself, thus deserv'd to be us'd:
 For 'twas certainly he, whom else could he think;
 'Twas certainly he that must make all the stink.

Derry down, &c.

So when he came home he sat down on his bed,
 His elbow at distance supported his head ;
 His body long while like a pendulum went ;
 But all he could do did not alter the scent.

Derry down, &c.

Thus hipp'd he got up and pull'd off his cloaths,
 He peep'd in his breeches and smelt to his hose,
 And the very next morning fresh cloaths he put on,
 All, all but a waistcoat, for he had but one.

Derry down, &c.

But changing his cloaths did not alter the case,
 And so he stunk on for three weeks and three days ;
 Till to send for a doctor he thought it most meet ;
 For tho' he was not, yet his life it was sweet.

Derry down, &c.

The doctor he came, felt his pulse in a trice ;
 Then crept at a distance to give his advice :
 But sweating, nor bleeding, nor purging would do,
 For instead of one stink this only made two.

Derry down, &c.

The friar oft-times to his glass would repair,
 But to death he was frighten'd when e'er he came there ;
 His eyes were so sunk, and he look'd so aghast,
 He verily thought he was stinking his last.

Derry down, &c.

So for credit he hastens to burn all his prose,
 And into the fire his verses he throws ;
 When searching his pockets to make up the pile,
 He found out the Snipe, that had stunk all the while.

Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you will now think him wholesome again,
 Since his waistcoat discovers the cause of his pain :
 To conclude, the poor Friar intreats you to note,
 That you might have been sweet had you been in his
 coat. Derry down, &c.

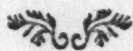
EPIGRAM in MARTIAL,

Literally Translated.

CALLIDUS imposuit nuper mihi Caupo Ravennæ ;
 Cum peterem *mixtum*, vendidit ille *merum*.

TRANSLATION.

A Landlord at *Bath* put upon me a queer Hum ;
 I ask'd him for *Punch*——and the Dog gave
 me mere *Rum*.



TABLE

T A B L E T A L K.

Written in the Year 1745.

By Mr. KIDGELL of HERTFORD COLLEGE.

- - - - *Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, Discursus, nostri, Farrago Libelli.*

JUVENAL.

WHEN lovely *Cælia* had resign'd
The dear Delights of Womankind,
And could, without Reluctance, see
The Powers of Talk-inspiring Tea,
Imperial in its last Decay
Glad Mrs. *Betty's* harmless Prey;
When all the Fountains that supply
The Pools of rich *Quadrille* were dry,
And each promiscuous Fish was seen
Stretch'd on the Pearl-bespangled *Green*;
When *Phæbus* had consign'd his Pow'r
To a mild *Evening's* cooler Hour,
And lent the Jewels of his Light
T' adorn the *Empress of the Night*,
'Twas solemnly agreed upon
By *Mary Cook*, and *Butler John*,

That Supper in the Parour shou'd be
 With Expedition vast as co. d be;
 For Master with Delay was hungry,
 And Mistrefs with Impatience angry.
 Swift as the Word the Cloth was laid,
 And all was hush'd while Grace was said,
 When Silence once again gave Way
 To bring *Discourse* again in Play.

“ But, Sir, if these Accounts are true,
 The *Dutch* have mighty Things in View;
 The *Austrians*——I admire *French-Beans*,
 Dear Maem, above all Sorts of Greens,——
 They say the *Prussian* Schemes are quash'd——
 Oh Maem, 'tis admirably hash'd——
 Some Pepper ——and I hear *Argyle* ——
 A little Vinegar and Oil——
 But that, perhaps, is all a Jest, Sir——
 Maem, which you please—which you like best, Sir—
 I think green Peas——if understood
 The *Grand Duke's* Schemes——are lov'ly good
 Mix'd, Mr. *John*——will humble *France*——
 Sir, your good Health ——but that's a Chance——
 Miss *Harriot's* vastly grown, Maem——why,
 So her Papa thinks——Mrs. *Fry*
 Is out of Patience——Maem a Piece
 Of Sturgeon——with her little Niece,

They're

They're both Year's Children—*John*, some Bread—

But *Harriot's* taller^r by the Head.

She came from School, stay let me see,

I think 'twas—Almond Flummery,

Venture to taste it, Mr. *Sear*—

The Night that *Garrick* play'd King *Lear*.

Oh, I remember!—Dearest Maem, let

Me help you—when he acted *Hamlet*

My Sister *Ashburnham* had on

Her Pink and Silver—Hark'ee, *John*—

And some rude Rabble from the Gallery—

The Soup tastes delicate of Celery—

Threw God knows what upon her Sleeve—

She's got it out, Ma'em, I perceive.—

Oh, no, Ma'em, she was forc'd to buy

(Your humble Servant, Dr. *Dry*)

A whole new Breadth—we had such Sport—

Of Mrs. *Vokes* in Old Round Court.

Dear Mrs. *Chatwell*, have you heard—

To me a Teal's a better Bird—

How Mrs. *Branche's* Cause goes on?

A little Water, Mr. *John*—

O! Mrs. *Branche*! I can't abide her—

Pray, Mr. *James*, a Glass of Cyder.

Some say—a little Butter mix'd

With Capers—she is so unfix'd,

She

She can't——eats most delightful in it——
 Continue in a Mind one Minute.——
 No! Carp, Maem, is——and so we see——
 Above all Sorts of Fish to me——
 A Triflingness——You knew *Tom's* Wife——
 In every Action of her Life——
Tom Branche's Wife I knew——another
 Potatoe if you please——and Mother.
 His Mother——Mr. *Oldham* speaks,
John, don't you hear?——within three Weeks
 After——These Eggs I always poach——
 Was overturn'd in *York* Stage-Coach——
 And Mrs. *Mixon*, as for her——
 Miss, your good Health, Maem, your's, good Sir,—
 She went to *Pertb*——poor Soul, it cry'd,
 And ran to me——and there she dy'd——
 Poor little Soul! Maem, some of those——
 And did it hurt its little Nose!——
 Yes, Maem, it bled——I chuse a Wing,
 Sir, you are quite——like any Thing.
 But Doctor, if the noble Duke——
 Take out that Skew'r there to the Cook——
 Shou'd trounce Monsieur, I'm bold to say——
 A little Sweet-Bread, Mrs. *Day*——
 That 'tis impossible the *Dutch*——
 Maem, if you please, not quite so much——

Refuse

Refuse t' assist——Yes, Maem, but Spices
 Improve it vastly——at this Crisis.——
 Good gracious! He's a dreadful Jobster——
 Maem, I prefer one Inch of Lobster——
 He piec'd my Habit all in Dabs——
 At any Time to twenty Crabs——
 Oh! I'd forgot——they're lovely Rabbits,
 Dear Maem!——but now you mention Habits,
 Miss *Drawbridge*—Your good Health, Miss *Perkin*—
 Has got the fearful'st, frightful'st Jerkin,
 It looks so tarnish'd and so old——
 Miss *Fewkes*, I hope you've caught no Cold——
 No, not at all, Maem—Fetch the Cheese in——
 Snuff always did set me a sneezing——
 The Association's form'd we hear——
John, mix a little Ale and Beer——
 Why, really, Maem—your Health, Miss *Bayes*—
 Folks talk on't many different Ways——
 Tho' 'tis a Case that I'm no Judge in——
 Maem, I'm prodigious fond of Gudgeon——
 But apt to prate——they're fine stew'd Pears——
 At such a Juncture of Affairs.
 Dear Maem, you've heard how 'Squire *Bodling* —
 My Daughter *Ford* admires a Codling——
 It rain'd so dreadful cou'd not go,
 He and Miss *James*, and Mrs. *Sloe*,

So

So far as *Tewksbury* last Week——
 Sure, *John*, you heard Miss *Idle* speak!
 You saw Miss *Drawbridge*, Maem, last Sunday?
 Yes, Maem, I did! and Mrs. *Munday*
 Had lost her Parrot——Pray, Maem, how?
 I really, Maem, can't tell, I vow——
 I pity'd the poor Creature's Fate——
 Give Mrs. *Dykes* a China Plate——
 But poor Miss *Drawbridge* will run wild——
 No, Maem, our Cream is always boil'd——
 For our Part, Maem, I can't but say
 We all——make Haste and take away——
 Are mighty fond of Slip-flops——bring
 The Wine and Fruits——Maem, *Church* and *King*——
 Miss, shall I help you? Sir, I beg——
 Sir, there's enough——Maem, Sister *Peg*
 Is well, but *George* has hurt his Leg:
 My Aunt was in a vehement Fright——
 His left Leg, Maem—No, Maem, his right——
 Poor Master *Georgy*!——Maem, I hope——
 No, Maem, he's with my Uncle *Cope*,
 And is as lively and as brisk
 As——Maem do you chuse a Game at Whisk?

SIMILE

S I M I L E,

From PHÆDRA and HYPPOLITUS.

SO when bright Venus yielded up her Charms,
 The blest Adonis languish'd in her Arms:
 His idle Horn on fragrant Myrtles hung,
 His Arrows scatter'd, and his Bow unstrung.
 Obscure in Coverts lay his dreaming Hounds,
 And bay'd the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds;
 For nobler Sports he quits the savage Fields,
 And all the Heroe to the Lover yields.

The Same PARODIED.

SO when bright Abigail resign'd her Charms,
 The happy Curate languish'd in her Arms:
 His unbrush'd Beaver on the Floor was tofs'd;
 His Notes were scatter'd, and his Bible lost.
 In Alehouse hid his dreaming Clerk was found,
 And rear'd the fancy'd Stave with feeble Sound:
 For nobler Sheets his Concordance he leaves,
 And all the Parson to the Lover gives.



VERSES

V E R S E S

ON THE

Expected Arrival of Queen CHARLOTTE,

In an EPISTLE to a FRIEND, 1761.

By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.

Containing the *Sentiments, Images, Metaphors, Machinery, Similies, Allusions*, and all other Poetical *Decorations*, of the OXFORD VERSES, which were to appear on that auspicious Occasion.

YES—every hopeful Son of Rhyme
Will surely seize this happy Time,
Vault upon Pegasus's Back,
Now grown an Academick Hack,
And sing the Beauties of a Queen,
(Whom, by the by, he has not seen ;)
Will swear her eyes are black as jet,
Her teeth as Pearls in Coral set;
Will tell us that the Rose has lent
Her Cheek its Bloom, her Lips its Scent,
That Philomel breaks off her Song,
And listens to her sweeter Tongue;

That

That Venus and the Graces join'd
 To form this Phoenix of her Kind,
 And Pallas undertook to store
 Her Mind with Wisdom's chieftest Lore :
 Thus form'd, Jove issues a Decree
 That GEORGE's Consort she shall be:
 Then Cupid (for what Match is made
 By Poets without Cupid's Aid?)
 Picks out the swiftest of his Darts,
 And pierces instant both their Hearts.

Your fearful Prose-men here might doubt
 How best to bring this Match about,
 For Winds and Waves are ill-bred Things,
 And little care for Queens and Kings;
 But as the Gods assembled stand,
 And wait each youthful Bard's Command,
 All fancy'd Dangers they deride,
 Of boist'rous Winds, and swelling Tide;
 Neptune is call'd to wait upon her,
 And Sea-Nymphs are her Maids of Honour;
 Whilst we, instead of eastern Gales,
 With Vows and Praises fill the Sails,
 And when, with due poetick Care
 They safely land the Royal Fair,
 They catch the happy Simile,
 Of Venus rising from the Sea.

Soon

Soon as she moves, the Hill and Vale,
 Responsive tell the joyful Tale;
 And Wonder holds th' enraptur'd Throng
 To see the Goddess pass along;
 The bowing Forests all adore her,
 And Flow'rs spontaneous spring before her,
 Where you and I all Day might travel,
 And meet with nought but Sand and Gravel;
 But Poets have a piercing Eye,
 And many pretty Things can spy,
 Which neither you nor I can see,
 But then the Fault's in you and me.
 The King astonish'd must appear,
 And find that Fame has wrong'd his Dear;
 Then Hymen, like a Bishop, stands,
 To join the Lovers' plighted Hands;
 Apollo and the Muses wait,
 The nuptial Song to celebrate.

But I, who rarely spend my Time
 In paying Court or spinning Rhyme;
 Who cannot from the high Abodes,
 Call down, at will, a Troop of Gods;
 Must in the plain prosaick Way,
 The Wishes of my Soul convey.
 May Heaven our Monarch's Choice approve,
 May he be blest with mutual Love,

And

And be as happy with his Queen,
 As with my Chloe I have been;
 When wand'ring through the Beechen Grove,
 She sweetly smil'd and talk'd of Love!

And oh! that he may live to see
 A Son as wise and good as he;
 And may his Confort grace the Throne
 With Virtues equal to his own!
 Our Courtly Bards will needs be telling,
 That she's like Venus or like Helen;
 I wish that she may prove as fair
 As Egremont and Pembroke are;
 For tho' by Sages 'tis confest,
 That Beauty's but a Toy at best;
 Yet, 'tis methinks, in married Life,
 A pretty Douceur with a Wife:
 And may the Minutes as they fly,
 Strengthen still the nuptial Tye,
 While Hand in Hand thro' Life they go,
 'Till Love shall into Friendship grow;
 For tho' these Blessings rarely wait
 On regal Pomp, and tinsel'd State,
 Yet Happiness is Virtue's Lot,
 Alike in Palace and in Cot:
 'Tis true, the grave Affairs of State,
 With little Folks have little Weight;

I

Yet

And

Yet I confess my Patriot Heart
 In Britain's Welfare bears its Part;
 With Transport glows at GEORGE's Name,
 And triumphs in its Country's Fame:
 With hourly Pleasure I can sit
 And talk of *Granby*, *Hawke*, and *Pitt*;
 And whilst I praise the Good and Brave,
 Disdain the Coward and the Knave.
 At Growth of Taxes others fret,
 And shudder at the Nation's Debt;
 I ne'er the fancied Ills bemoan,
 No Debts disturb me, but my own.
 What! tho' our Coffers sink, our Trade
 Repairs the Breach which War has made;
 And if Expences now run high,
 Our Minds must with our Means comply.
 Thus far my Politicks extend,
 And here my warmest Wishes end,
 May Merit flourish, Faction cease,
 And I and Europe live in Peace!



ODE to CRITICISM.*

By Mr. WODHULL.

Mutemus Clypeos, DANAUMQUE Insignia NOBIS

Aptemus. Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoste requirit? VIRGIL.

I.

HAIL, mighty Goddess, whom of yore,
Where fam'd Cimmeria boasts hertenfold Gloom,
In those deep Caverns, from her lab'ring Womb
Imperial Dulness bore.

At the Signal of thy Birth,
O'er the Rue-besprinkled Earth,
Slowly sullen Spleen advances,
Sneering Laughter joins the Dances,
Swift from her Den exulting Envy springs,
New trims her faded Torch, and sharpens all her Stings.

II.

Farewel, ye Visions light and vain,
The Delian Grove, with its enchanted Rill,
The cloven Summits of Parnassus' Hill,
Chimeras of the Brain.

* This Poem appeared soon after the Publication of the *Oxford* Verses on the Death of his late Majesty.

No more such Follies I pursue——
 Thee, sober-vested Queen, I woo;
 Thy propitious Help imploring,
 As by Midnight Taper poring,
 With studious Care I mark some faulty Line,
 Then curse the Theban Harp, or *Homer's* Work divine.

III.

Here in my hateful, lonesome Cell,
 While Darkness spreads her murky Veil around,
 When Pains corode, and stormy Passions wound,
 With thee I wish to dwell.
 Tho' *Apollo* bids despair,
 Nor a Muse regards my Pray'r;
 Still with ever constant Kindness,
 'Thou wilt sooth my votive Blindness;
 I feel, I feel the maddening Influence reigns,
 The black Bile rushes on, and revels in my Veins.

IV.

Borne on the rapid Wings of Thought,
 E'en now I seem, in thy extensive Shade,
 Where baleful Yews o'ercome the sickening Glade,
 To quaff the plenteous Draught,
 And behold thy Realms comprise
 Learned Ignorant, and Wise,
 All alike with hot Devotion,
 Swallowing thy embitter'd Potion.

Fearless

Fearless I take my self-commission'd Stand,
To wield thy ruthless Sword with unrelenting Hand.

V.

Hear then, O hear my fond Request,
Whether in poor *Verona's* hapless State,
Thou mourn'st thy *Scaliger's* neglected Fate,
 With Anguish-laden Breast.
Or with Rapture lov'st to view
 Sourly smiling each *Review*;
Quickly haste to my Embraces,
Come, O come, in all thy Graces,
Where tuneful *Oxford bails* thy *just* Domain,
Where at thy Shrine attend her delegated Train.

VI.

How shall I paint thy heavenly Charms!
In what high Praise my ardent Suit address!
Or how the glowing Flame shall I express
 Which now my Bosom warms;
How describe the mazy Road,
 Leading to thy blest Abode!
Where thou sit'st in State presiding,
Us ignoble Rhimers guiding
To where the Banks of *Lethe's* silent Wave,
Before our passive Steps disclose an early Grave.

VII.

Yet shall my feeble Lays presume,
 Wrapt in ideal Extacies, to trace
 The winning Features of thy lovely Face,
 And its primeval Bloom.
 Thou, a *Silver-slipper'd* Nymph,*
 Lightly tread'st the *dimple* Lymph,
 With dank Sedge thy Tresses wreathing,
 Modulated Measures breathing;
 A *Coral Crown* thy *Bright Brow Binds*, I ween,
 And down devolves thy *Sweeping Stole of Glossy Green*.

VIII.

Oft, in nocturnal Serenade,
 Anxious I wake my Lyre's discordant Strings,
 Till the responsive Echo loudly rings
 With thee, immortal Maid!
 Ah! perchance my Hopes are vain —
 Canst thou then with harsh Disdain,

* Alluding to the following Lines in *Warton's TRIUMPH OF ISIS*:

And from the Wave arose its guardian Queen,
 Known by her sweeping Stole of glossy Green;
 While in the coral Crown that bound her Brow,
 Was wove the Delphic Laurel's verdant Bough.
 As the smooth Surface of the dimple Flood,
 The Silver-slipper'd Isis lightly trod.

Spurn my too officious Duty,
 Self-enamour'd of thy Beauty;
 And close thy stern, inexorable Heart,
 Slighting the Vow sincere, which wants the Gloss of Art.

IX.

Hence, idle Fears——thou still art kind;
 Low at thy Footstool bends my trembling Knee;
 I sue, O Goddess, and I sue to thee,
 To thy Behests resign'd.
 No rejected Votary's moans
 Taint the Air with feverish Groans.
 Where we rest, thy Charms enjoying,
 Ever tasted, never cloying,
 Widely thou pour'st thy all-diffusive Rays,
 Instant our kindling Souls with Fire congenial blaze.

X.

In *Rhedycina's* favour'd Seat,
 Where richest Verse thy smould'ring Altar feeds,
 With him some chosen Sage obedient leads,
 To give Thee Homage meet.
 False Surmises, hidden Flaws,
 Old Grammarians crabbed Laws;
 At thy Impulse while elated,
 By thy Pleasure he unfated,
 With his fell Pen from thy Tribunal bends,
 As on the mangled Lines the frequent Blot descends.

XI.

When Autumn brought the lowering Year,
 Fair *Iſis* mingled with *Britannia's* Woe;
 Meanwhile thou taught'st her Clafſic Plains to flow
 O'er *George's* Grief-ftain'd Bier.
 How ſhe mourn'd the Monarch dead,
 Father of his Country fled,
 Ill befits my trite Narration——
 I in lefs exalted Station,
 Stupidly nod o'er Poefy ſo fine,
 Stretch'd on the lifelefs Couch of Indolence ſupine.

XII.

*That Part to Thee we confecrate
 Of the huge Wreath forfooth, which all the Nine,
 With Skill united have conſpir'd to twine.**

A Fricafſee of State!
 'Twould make a Breakfast for a King;
 Or ſhould he feaſt on no ſuch Thing
 As See-ſaw Flattery, and his Spirit
 Be coolly touch'd with ſo much Merit;

* Alluding to the following Lines in the concluding Copy of the
 OXFORD VERSES abovementioned, written by the Poetry Profeſſor.

- - - - - deign to view
 This ample Wreath, which all th' aſſembled Nine
 With Skill united have conſpir'd to twine,

If

If he endure the Song with Look finifter,
The Plan will fuit at leaft a Patriot-Minifter.

XIII.

Full many a Youth, whose opening Shoot
Teem'd with Poetic Foliage, o'er whose Head
Castalian Dews the gracious Mufe has fhed,
And promis'd riper Fruit ;
Such the firm Decrees of Fate,
Such the Shortnefs of his Date,
With the Troop of Phantoms namelefs,
In that pious Volume famelefs,
Where the triumphant Clouds of Smoke afpire,
Sinks in Oblivion's Arms on the funereal Pyre.

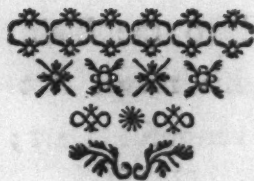
XIV.

Far from the Terrors of thy Reign,
Curb'd by thy Frown, audacious Genius flies ;
Or, if he impotently dares to rife,
Is levell'd to the Plain :
Nought avils his magic Art
To avert thy vengeful Dart ;
And his insolent emprifing ;
Thou his vaunting Pow'r defpifing,
Eager his blafed Glories to confound,
Strik'ft him a breathlefs Corfe, unpitying, to the Ground.
When

XV.

When † *Swinging Slow with Sweepy Sway,*
 In one same constant Tenor run our Rhimes,
 Like the sweet Musick of unvaried Chimes,
 In distant due Delay;
 Then our Vows thou deign'st to hear,
 With a condescending Ear.
 Aid, O Goddess, aid my Numbers,
 Let me *Share thy Sweetest Slumbers,*
 While from this Quill, as all along I doze,
 In Apathy-discreet the Stumbling Stanza flows.

† See WARTON'S *Pleasures of Melancholy*, a Poem.



A Poetical E P I S T L E

To ***** , M. A. Student of Christ Church.

By the Same.

Muse,

Un Usage inconstant t'entraîne,

Et la Raison toujours certaine

Ne t'a point marqué tes Sentiers ?

Mais, non, je ne veux point le croire ;

Le Reproche offense ta Gloire ;

Et fletiroit tous nos Lauriers. LA MOTTE.

ON *Thames's Banks*, while you with happier Care,
In bolder Notes invite the *Aonian Fair* ;

Or nobly point, to guide the rising Youth,
The steep Ascent which scales the Hill of Truth,
With Learning pure Morality impart,
Strengthen the Head, and humanize the Heart;
Shall fond Presumption daringly intrude

To grate your polish'd Ear with Accents rude ?

Since you, some leisure Moments to beguile,

Regard my Idlenesses with a Smile;

No servile Custom's narrow Laws revere,

Pleas'd with the Language of a Tongue sincere,

Accept

Accept this Present like a partial Friend!

Else the rash Trifle justly might offend.

If e'er my Bosom caught the sacred Flame,

Let me remember from what Source it came:

Your Counsel bad me tread this arduous Way,

And deign'd to form the rough mishapen Lay.

Here will I trace where first these Strains began
E'er fleeting Childhood ripen'd into Man.

Can I forget, while Memory holds her Reign,

And summons forth her bright ideal Train,

Beneath what * Auspices my earlier Age

Imbib'd the Dictates of the good and Sage?

No, gentle *Ouse*! for oft I lov'd to stray

Where thy smooth Current winds its sedgy Way:

Full to my View beside thy conscious Stream

Coy Science thence disclos'd her kindling Beam;

In wild Career spontaneous Numbers flow'd,

As with a Heat, unfelt before, I glow'd.

If, aught of Glory, Verse like mine can give,

Thy Name recorded by the Muse shall live,

To me far dearer than the boasted Groves

Of proud *Lyceum* where *Illissus* roves:

Though not a Wreath adorn thy modest Urn,

In thy neglected Meads no Poet burn,

* At the Reverend Mr. CLEAVER's, Father of the Gentleman
to whom this Epistle is addressed,

No

No Lover carve thy Praise on every Tree,
With his *Calista* fondly joining thee.

Since Glory prompted, and I turn'd my Eyes
To where the Hills of steep *Parnassus* rise;
Since sketch'd by Hope the flattering *Landschape* grew,
Ere Judgment check'd the Strokes which Fancy drew.
Blindly I ventur'd on a feeble Wing,
Struck the harsh Lyre, and tun'd th' unmeaning String-
But when faint glimmering o'er the mighty Theme
The Lamp of Genius vanish'd like a Dream.
In Wisdom's loftier Spheres too weak too rise,
Where wrapt in Clouds abstruse Science lies!
Unskilful in the Jargon of the Schools,
And little vers'd in mathematic Rules,
With ardent Curiosity I fought
What modern Art, what antient Nature taught;
Saw Poetry expand a leafy Shoot
To hide its sapless Trunk, and wasted Root;
Observ'd Caprice exalt her light Abode,
And mark'd the Sallies of the reigning Mode.

Some will object; "such Theme is quite misplaced;
"Hence Madman! what hast thou to do with Taste?
"Shall uncommision'd Impudence decide
"On Airs and Operas with a Scribler's Pride;
"And dare to mix with Coxcombs not a few
"Who talk of Matters which they never knew?"

Because

Because forsooth I flaunt not in Brocade
 To the Ridotto, Court, or Masquerade?
 But hear unmov'd imperious Fashion's Call,
 And bring no Surfeit from the midnight Ball,
 Nor the slow, tedious, weighty Hours to kill,
 All Day read *Hoyle*, all Night attend *Quadrille*;
 They treat my Notions as th' absurd Pretence
 Of one quite lost to Taste and common Sense.

“Avaunt ye Witlings,” the grave Pedant cries;
 “Or pay just Def’rence to the Learn’d and Wise.
 “Whoe’er would judge aright of Books, of Men,
 “And deal Instruction with unerring Pen,
 “Before he hopes to win the gazing Crowd
 “And to the World proclaim his Thoughts aloud:
 “Let him in bulky Volumes deeply read
 “Drink genuine Knowledge from the Fountain-Head.

As one bewildered in profoundest Night,
 Who faintly kens some Vapor’s dancing Light,
 At Random led: perplex’d by each Remark,
 We’re left as much as ever in the Dark:
 When Commentators solve the knotty Point,
 And twist contested Adverbs out of Joint.

Perhaps you’ll answer, “that to clear the Doubt
 “’Tis best to search a stated Medium out;
 “Nor Fops, nor Book-worms for our Judges call:
 “These think too much; they never think at all

Then

Then let us see—in Ages so polite
 Who's qualified to read, and who to write?
 Say shall we (like the Game-Act) fix a Rate
 By Privilege annex'd to such Estate;
 Extol the fine-spun Verse his Lordship weaves,
 And in Divinity adore Lawn-Sleeves?

Or shall we boldly level ev'ry Mound
 Admitting all to tread poetic Ground;
 And with a patriot Spirit for our Guide
 Extend the Limits of *Parnassus* wide,
 Allowing those who never yet could spell,
 To speak, praise, censure, nay to write as well?

Whether we visit, dress, or entertain,
 Custom despotic reigns; — and let her reign.
 But shall the Muses learn the Gait, the Dance,
 With all the tawdry Nothingness of *France*;
 Must they assume some new fantastic Shape,
 And change their Habit with each modish Ape?
 Shall *He* in literary Credit shine
 Whose loose *Adventures* swell the *Novel* Line?
 And shall the Man of Judgment's Tongue be mute,
 Unless inur'd to quibble, and dispute?

Whoe'er would boast a nice Discerner's Art
 Should feel with tender sympathizing Heart;
 Not by the Test of cold prosaic Laws
 Defraud Invention of its just Applause:

But

But where bold Nature's mimic Dress appears
 Transported shudder at fictitious Fears;
 Now pale with Grief, and now with Joy elate,
 Bleed with the Vanquish'd; triumph with the Great;
 By each humane, heroic Passion tost,
 And sink amid the dear Illusion lost.

This, this is he, whose vig'rous Soul can climb
 Up with the Poet to the true Sublime:
 Without *Longinus*' Aid his Soul it warms.
 He wants no † *Burke* to tell why Beauty charms.

Thus the great *Stagyrite* who taught the Road
 Thro' Learning's Paths to Glory's high Abode,
 Himself before, with animated Skill
 Dipp'd in *Castalian* Streams his glowing Quill,
 Nor by dim cloister'd Observation saw:
 But, e'er enacted, he perform'd the Law;
 To Virtue's Altar his bold Pæans reach,
 And emulate the Art he strove to teach:
 His Tribute first the smiling Muse approv'd,
 Then gave her Sceptre to the Son she lov'd.

Fashion, who Arbiter of earthly Things
 Dignifies Beggars, or deposes Kings,
 At length ordains, (which none must disallow)
 That what was Reason once, is Folly now.

† The ingenious Author of *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin
 of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*.

See

See Criticism advance, inspiring Awe;
 She stalks triumphant like some grand Bashaw:
 With, or without a Cause, from Systems free,
 Alters, confirms, reverses her Decree;
 Her thund'ring Façes brandishes anew
 Guiding her own dear *Critical Review*.
 Fast by her Car in Iron Shackles bound
 Reluctant Genius kneels, and licks the Ground.

Think not I dare in these establish'd Times
 Combat Dominion with presumptuous Rhimes,
 And sceptically blind dispute the Chair
 With those, who sit like *Aristarchus* there.
 Less sanguine Thoughts my sober Wishes bound,
 To tread secure, nor meet the threaten'd Wound;
 For this once more my trembling Pen I draw,
 And hail all Critics with respectful Awe.

My lifted Mirror hastens to display
 The modern Poet issuing to the Day:
 I ask not, whom; what Theme his Genius fires;
 How sweet the Strains his fav'rite Muse inspires;
 Whether he pace on strait-curb'd classic Steed,
 Or mount the winged Pegasean Breed:
 I would not tear him with a *Vandal's* Hate;
 Nor yet, regarding his prepos't'rous Fate,
 Pity his Woes, and curse his ruling Star;
 But coolly mention Matters as they are.

K

Privately

Privately cramm'd with more than friendly Praise,
 Shower'd to feed his ever-thirsting Lays;
 Hot with Impatience, which his Looks confess,
 The Youth commits his Writings to the Press:
 On *Dryden's* sounding Pinions see him rise,
 Or range with *Milton* in ideal Skies;
 Eager he pants to reach the laurel Crown,
 Anticipating Years of long Renown.

Full soon he views the airy Fiction past,
 For such Deliriums were not made to last.
 Ere yet too late mistaken Bard retire,
 Cease thy vain Dreams, nor fan the hopeless Fire.
 Or if thy patient Muse must needs design
 To heap with Incense Glory's crowded Shrine,
 An Ordeal more severe than that of Old
 Expect:—nay shrink not;—but approach, behold!
 See Apes of Taste with half-spawn'd Wits combine,
 Weigh Word by Word, and murder Line by Line;
 Here pining Envy frets; there Malice storms,
 And Dulness rises in her thousand Forms.

To scape the Tempest's Rage we look around,
 Rejoic'd if but a Hovel can be found.
 A Man no cowardly Poltroon I hold
 Who rapt in Flannel shuns *Norwegian* Cold.
 Then let us, as calm Prudence bids, obey,
 And by her Guidance take the surer Way:

For since nor Heav'n-taught Genius can avail,
 Nor Dint of Study turn the loaded Scale;
 How shall a puny Rhimer dare withstand
 Incens'd Stupidity's united Band?

'Twas thus departing Freedom at the Field
 Of lost *Philippi* saw her Squadrons yield,
 When civil Enmity her Banners tore,
 And *Brutus* shed the last of *Roman* Gore;
 Whither either Party *Atticus* allied
 Led to the Triumphs of *Octavius*' Pride;
 Sadly wept at Freedom's closing Grave,
 And hugg'd his Fetters like an abject Slave.

My Verse to thee submissive I resign;
 I, mighty Dulness, I am wholly thine:
 To teach me how to gain,—not merit, Praise,
 And give, O give thy soporific Bays;
 Bind me a willing Captive in thy Chains,
 And lead me, where Alliteration reigns:
 Hard by thy Throne she waves her wond'rous Wand,
 Wafting her balmy Blessings o'er the Land,
 Where warbling Winds the pure pellucid Rill,
 And soothing Sounds excluded Meaning kill.

Sick of this Homage I depart in Haste,
 The labour'd Sameness palls my jaded Taste.
 Fretful I mutter "this is far too much—
 "I hate e'en Honour, should the Terms be such.

" To me some lefs mechanick Task assign;
 " Consent, O Goddess, and the Prize is mine."
 Here the proud Queen's sagacious Train exclaim;
 " Instantly snatch the Palms of proffer'd *Fame*;
 " So shall thy Judges with complacent Smile,
 " Approve thy neat, thy terse, thy classic Stile.
 " As Fashion dictates, and our Laws ordain
 " In lulling Accents tune thy honied Strain;
 " With fixed Anchor in the Haven keep,
 " Nor rashly venture on the stormy Deep.
 " The Naiads first address, and faunt'ring dream
 " By the green Margin of some chrystal Stream;
 " To sweet *Arcadia's* blissful Shades aspire
 " In gentle *Sydney's* *Shepherdish* Attire.
 " Thy second Theme, some *Amaryllis* chuse
 " Whose Charms may animate thy sluggish Muse,
 " Let *Hammond's* Number touch the feeling Heart:
 " Be thou superior; add the Garb of Art.
 " In lofty Diction bid her amply shine,
 " Beauteous, Angelic,—stop not there,—Divine:
 " Say in her Cheeks what ambush'd Jav'lins lie;
 " What Radiancè beaming from her *sun-clad* Eye."
 This is but trifling.—" Would'st thou then succeed;
 " Fear not, be bold; select a Theme indeed.
 " Say, can thy soft insinuating Skill
 " Describe a Statesman's Probity at Will;
 " With

“ With fervent Zeal assiduous to commend
“ Th’ illustrious Patron, and the generous Friend,
“ To Wealth, to Title duteous Homage pay,
“ And make the Great the Subject of thy Lay?
“ Applause from ecchoing Multitudes to gain,
“ Or can’st thou —— ?”

Almost bursting with Disdain,

“ Indeed I cannot,” I enrag’d reply;
“ Let others handle Themes like these—not I.”

Then what Asylum yet remains for me,
Where Candor rules, and Poetry is free?
Say shall I steer to reach yon fated Land,
Where frequent Wrecks deform the hostile Strand,
Where Dunces promiscuous rival Dunces engages,
And Mud with Mud eternal Battle wages;

Or shall I fly, where noisy Tumults cease,
And seek the Dwellings of inglorious Peace,
Lock’d in the Bonds of happy Slumber fast,
To doze away Remembrance of the past;
Forgetful too that e’er my childish Tongue
With ravish’d Wonder lisp’d th’ imperfect Song;
Content domestic Quiet to pursue,

And bid that false Coquette, the Muse, adieu?

Since Caution slumber’d when this rhyming Will
First bade me stain with Ink my hasty Quill;

Let her depart, and visit those who fear
 The Critic's Lash, the Wit's contemptuous Sneer,
 I cannot now superlatively wise
 Perform what * *Epictetus* would advise,
 " Letting each dang'rous Enterprize alone
 " Call unsubdued Security thy own."
 Unfurl'd the Banner, and the Weapon cast,
 All Hopes of Safety in Retreat are past.

Should I stand forth on Record as a Fool,
 My Maxims spurn'd, and cancell'd ev'ry Rule,
 I will not yet implicitly abide
 By what the People happen to decide.
 Nor can I for my Life attentive sit
 To praise each Species of new-fangled Wit;
 Or dwell with Transport on the hobbling Rhimes,
 The classic Cant of these poetic Times.

Far be the odious Antiquary's Frown
 Who aims to pull all living Merit down,
 Who churlishly belies the present Days,
 When he bewails with an invidious Praise,
 (To give Detraction's Venom freer Scope)
 All Genius buried in the Grave of *Pope*.

* Ανίκητος είναι δυνασαι, εαν εις μηδενα αγωνη κατα-
 βαλως, ου εκ εστιν επι σοι νικησαι. *Enchiridion*, Cap 25.

But shall each Mushroom-Being of a Day
 Usurp an insolent oppressive Sway;
 Inhuman Plunderers by Rapine fed,
 Rake up the Ashes of the mighty Dead,
 And conjure forth some vet'ran Poet, drest
 (Superfluous Toil) in Fashion's gorgeous Vest.

Tir'd of the Crowds, and Noise of *Lombard-Street*
 Thus when the Cit obtains a Country Seat;
 Where in uncircumscrib'd Extent was drawn
 Magnificently large the various Lawn,
 He bounds to measur'd Space the formal Square,
 Or gives Proportion to th' exact Parterre:
 Wonderful Industry! in Pipes convey'd
 Here sputters down the regular Cascade,
 There, draggled on in Beauty's vaunted Line,
 Behold the muddy Trench—a Serpentine.

Tell me no more how *Shakespear's* Lines express
 Th' inimitable Feelings of Distress.
 When *Romeo* hastes to sleeping *Juliet's* Tomb,
 Or injur'd *Lear* bewails his wretched Doom.
 Where are those tragic Scenes renown'd of old,
 In native Strength irregularly bold;
 Those genuine Tints with which that Master drew
 Expressive Nature to our dazzled View?
 All, all are vanish'd. He whose ample Mind
 No rigid Learning's slavish Rules confin'd,

O'er trackless Regions wont at large to soar :
 Now cramp'd in Trammels of *Theatric Lore*,
 His Seat usurp'd by more than *Gothic* Lust,
 Shorn of his Plumes lies groveling in the Dust.

Privy to *Juliet's* counterfeited Death,
 We wait the Hour that shall restore her Breath;
 With Hope, with Fear, with fond Impatience burn,
 'Till absent *Romeo* speed his wish'd Return :
 Here must we stop;—and while in due Array
The stately Procession sweeps the tedious Way,
 Conspiring Shouts of thronging Galleries join;
 “ Indeed this *Shakespear* is prodigious fine!”

See frantic *Lear* in hopeless Grief distressed,
 And warm Compassion melt each generous Breast;
 Now hastes th' unravell'd Drama to its Close,
 And Death breaks off the Tenor of his Woes.
 Can we behold without indignant Rage
 The Monarch re-enthron'd upon the Stage;
 And *Shakespear's* Plan revers'd to bid him live?
 Such is the Crown our wise *Correctors* give.
 A juster Title shall the Muse bestow
 On these Destroyers of the Tragic Woe:
 Who'er the Author of so black a Deed,
 In her august Tribunal 'tis decreed
 To judge his Cruelty more hateful still
 Than the barbarian Wiles of *Gonerill*.

While

While many a Wretch who bears the Poet's Name,
 Deaf to the Voice of Reason, and of Fame,
 Meerly to furbish out some paultry Scene,
 New patches *Otway* with deform'd *Racine*,
 Besmears with foreign Sauce coarse *English* Ware,
 Or like a Russian pillages *Voltaire*;
 The heavenly Muse alone unpinion'd sings,
 Nor stoops to these imaginary Kings;
 She opens honest Truth's obstructed Source,
 Points Satire's Edge, and wings her Javelin's Force.

Some think, " on Insects crush'd without a Foe,
 " That Justice idly hurls her weighty Blow.
 " So short, so fleeting their allotted Date,
 " Why urge a Playwright's necessary Fate,
 " O'er *their* high Crest Oblivion spreads her Rod,
 " Soon are the Footsteps vanish'd where they trod,
 " They and their Farces mixing with the Wind,
 " All disappear, nor leave a Wreck behind,
 " Where plung'd in Chaos many a Fathom deep
 " Myriads of Frenchified Abortions sleep.

Yet if these Plagiaries exalted high
 On borrow'd Fame's weak Pedestals rely;
 Wherefore on Mortals desperately brave
 Lavish that Mercy which they never gave?
 When Crops so rank, exub'rant Dulness yields,
 Who weilds the Critic's Falchion nobly weilds.

Designs

Designs like these my Pencil rudely plan'd,
 The Execution asks an abler Hand.
 Enough for me, if in these nameless Shades,
 Far from the Mansions of *Aonia's* Maids,
 Ingenuous Truth her artless Charms display,
 And steady Reason guide the temper'd Lay :
 Or shewn by strong Imagination's Light
 Ages far distant crowd the mental Sight,
 When *Roussseau* tells the * happy State of Man
 By Priestcraft forg'd ere Right Divine began ?
 Ere Tyrants claim'd the sovereign Throne of God,
 And crush'd the Nations with an Iron Rod.

Thus unobserv'd by mad Ambition's Gaze,
 'Tis mine to rove thro' Fortune's humbler Maze,
 Assert the Freedom of the dauntless Muse,
 And read, or write such Whimsies as I chuse.

***** may you with more successful Aim
 Approach the Temple of wide-echoing Fame,
 And cull the Wreaths, where pleasing Fiction glows
 In fairy Realms, which liberal Genius strews ;
 Whose darted Impulse springing thro' the Mind,
 Leaves slowly plodding Industry behind.

* Discours sur l' Origine & les Fondemens de l' Inegalite par
 les Hommes.

A N

IMITATION of SPENSER.

I.

A Well known Vase of sovraign Use I sing,
 Pleasing to Young and Old, and *Jordan* hight.
 The lovely Queen, and eke the haughty King
 Snatch up this Vessel in the murky Night:
 Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy Wight,
 But uses it in mantle brown or green;
 Sometimes it stands array'd in glossy white;
 And est in mighty Dortours may be seen
 Of China's fragile earth, with azure Flowrets sheen.

II.

The Virgin comely as the dewy Rose,
 Here gently sheds the softly-whisp'ring Rill;
 The Frannion, who ne Shame ne Blushing knows,
 At once the Potter's glossy Vase does fill;
 It whizzes like the Waters from a Mill.
 Here frouzy Houfewives clear their loaded Reins;
 The Beef-fed Justice, who fat Ale doth swill,
 Grasps the round-handled Jar, and tries, and strains,
 While slowly dribbling down the scanty Water drains.

The

III.

The Dame of Fraunce shall without Shame convey
 This ready Needment to its proper Place ;
 Yet shall the Daughters of the Lond of Fay
 Learn better Amenaunce and decent Grace ;
 Warm Blushes lend a Beauty to their Face,
 For Virtue's comely Tints their Cheeks adorn ;
 Thus o'er the distant Hillocks you may trace
 The purple Beamings of the infant Morn :
 Sweet are our blooming Maids—the sweetest Crea-
 tures born.

IV.

None but their Husbands or their Lovers true
 They trust with Management of their Affairs ;
 Nor even these their Privacy may view,
 When the soft Beavies seek the Bow'r by Pairs :
 Then from the Sight accoy'd, like tim'rous Hares,
 From Mate or Bellamour alike they fly ;
 Think not, good Swain, that these are scornful Airs,
 Think not for Hate they shun thine am'rous Eye,
 Soon shall the Fair Return, nor done thee, Youth, to

V.

(dye.

While Belgic frows across a Charcoal Stove
 (Replenish'd like the Vestal's lasting Fire)
 Bren for whole Years, and scorch the Parts of Love,
 No longer Parts that can delight inspire,

Erst

Erst Cave of Bliss, now monumental Pyre;
 O British Maid, for ever clean and neat,
 For whom I aye will wake my simple Lyre,
 With double Care preserve that Dun Retreat,
 Fair Venus' mystic Bow'r, Dan Cupid's feather'd Seat.

VI.

So may your Hours soft-sliding steal away,
 Unknown to gnarring Slander and to Bale,
 O'er Seas of bliss Peace guide her Gondelay,
 Ne bitter Dole impest the passing Gale.
 O! sweeter than the Lillies of the Dale,
 In your soft Breasts the Fruits of Joyance grow.
 Ne fell Despair be here with Visage pale,
 Brave be the Youth from whom your Bosoms glow,
 Ne other Joy but you the faithful Striplings know.



An Excellent BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace*.

WHilome there dwelt near *Buckingham*,
 That famous Country Town,
 At a known Place, hight *Whaddon Chace*,
 A Squire of odd Renown. —

A Druid's sacred Form he bore,
 His Robes a Girdle bound :
 Deep vers'd he was in antient Lore,
 In Customs old, profound.

A Stick torn from that hallow'd Tree,
 Where *Chaucer* us'd to fit,
 And tell his Tales with leering Glee,
 Supports his tott'ring Feet.

High on a Hill his Mansion stood,
 But gloomy dark within ;
 Here mangled Books, as Bones and Blood
 Lie in a Giant's Den.

Crude, undigested, half-devour'd,
 On groaning Shelves they're thrown ;
 Such Manuscripts no Eye could read,
 Nor Hand write—but his own.

No Prophet He, like Sydrophele,
 Could future Times explore;
 But what had happened, he could tell,
 Five hundred Years and more.

A walking Alm'nack he appears,
 Stept from some mouldy Wall,
 Worn out of Use thro' Dust and Years,
 Like Scutcheons in his Hall.

His Boots were made of that Cow's Hide,
 By *Guy of Warwick* slain;
 Time's choicest Gifts, aye to abide
 Among the chosen Train.

Who first receiv'd the precious Boon,
 We're at a Loss to learn,
 By *Spelman*, *Cambden*, *Dugdale*, worn,
 And then they came to *Hearne*.

Hearne, strutted in them for a while;
 And then, as lawful Heir,
Brown claim'd and seiz'd the precious Spoil,
 The Spoil of many a Year.

His Car himself he did provide,
 To stand in double Stead;
 That it should carry him alive,
 And bury him when dead.

By

By rusty Coins old Kings he'd trace,
 And know their Air and Mien:
 King *Alfred* he knew well by Face,
 Tho' *George* he ne'er had seen.

This Wight th' outside of Churches lov'd,
 Almost unto a Sin;
 Spires Gothick of more use he prov'd
 Than Pulpits are within.

Of use, no doubt, when high in Air,
 A wand'ring Bird they'll rest,
 Or with a Bramin's holy Care,
 Make Lodgments for its rest.

Ye Jackdaws, that are us'd to talk,
 Like us of human Race,
 When nigh you see *Brown Willis* walk,
 Loud chatter forth his Praise.

Whene'er the fatal Day shall come,
 For come, alas! it must,
 When this good 'Squire must stay at home,
 And turn to antique Dust;

The solemn Dirge, ye Owls, prepare,
 Ye Bats, more hoarsly screek;
 Croak, all ye Ravens, round the Bier,
 And all ye Church-mice, squeak!

A
D I A L O G U E
B E T W E E N

The P O E T and his S E R V A N T.

In Imitation of HORACE, Sat. ix. Book ii.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Serv. S I R,—I've long waited in my turn, to have
A Word with you—but I'm your humble Slave.

Poet. What Knave is that? My Rascal!

Servant. Sir, 'tis I,
No Knave, nor Rascal, but your trusty Guy.

Poet. Well, as your Wages still are due, I'll bear
Your damn'd Impertinence, this Time of Year.

Serv. Some Folks are drunk one Day, and some
for ever,

And some, like W*****, but twelve Years together.

Old *Evremond* renown'd for Wit and Dirt,

Would change his Living oft'ner than his Shirt;

Roar with the Rakes of State a Month, and come

To starve another in his Hole at Home.

So rov'd wild *Buckingham*, the publick Jest,

Now some Inn-holder's, now a Monarch's Guest;

L

His

His Life and Politicks of ev'ry Shape,
 This Hour a *Roman*, and the next an Ape.
 The Gout in ev'ry Limb from ev'ry Vice,
 Poor N***** hir'd a Boy to throw the Dice.
 Some wench forever;—and their Sins in those
 By Custom fit as easy as their Clothes.
 Some fly like Pendulums from good to evil,
 And in that Point are madder than the Devil:
 For they——

Poet. To what will these wise Maxims tend?
 And where, sweet Sir, will your Reflections end?

Servant. In you.

Poet. In me, you Knave? make out your Charge.

Serv. You praise low living, but you live at large.
 Perhaps you scarce believe the Rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle Journey down,
 But without Business you're again in Town.
 If none invite you, Sir, abroad to roam,
 Then—Lord, what Pleasure 'tis to read at home!
 And sip your two Half-pints with great Delight
 Of Beer at Noon, and muddled Port at Night.
 From *Encombe*, *John* comes thund'ring at the Door,
 With—Sir, my Master begs you to come o'er,
 To pass these tedious Hours, these Winter Nights;
 Not that he dreads Invasions, Rogues, or Sprites.—
 Strait

Strait for your two best Wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in Buckle, that not cur'd at all.
 And where the Devil are the Spurs? you cry,
 And Pox! what Blockhead laid the Buskins by?
 On your old batter'd Mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four Legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the Heath,
 All swear at *Morden* 'tis on Life and Death:
 As fierce thro' *Wareham* Streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the Dogs and Voters in the Town;
 Then fly for six long dirty Miles as bad,
 That *Corfe* and *Kingston* Gentry think you mad.
 And all this furious Riding is to prove
 Your high Respect, it seems, and eager Love:
 And yet that mighty Honour to obtain,
Banks, Shaftsbury, Dodington, may fend in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the Noise you make,
 And bless the Moment that you turn your Back.
 Meantime your Flock depriv'd of heav'nly Food,
 As we of carnal, starve and stray abroad:
 Left to your Care by Providence in vain,
 You leave them all to Providence again.
 As for myself, I own it to your Face,
 I love good Eating,——and I take my Glass:
 But sure 'tis strange, dear Sir, that one should be
 In you Amusement, but a Crime in me.

All this is bare refining on a Name,
 To make a Difference where the Fault's the same.
 My Father sold me to your Service here,
 For this fine Livery and four Pounds a Year.
 A Livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove,—but lay your Cudgel by.
 You serve your Passions. Thus without a Jest
 Both are but Fellow-Servants at the best.
 Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your Desires,
 A meer tall Puppet dancing on the Wires.

Poet. Who at this Rate of talking can be free?

Serv. The brave, wise, honest Man, and only he:
 All else are Slaves alike, the World around,
 Kings on the Throne, and Beggars on the Ground.
 He, Sir, is Proof to Grandeur, Pride, or Pelf,
 And (greater still) is Master of himself:
 Not to and fro' by Fears and Factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the Interests of the World:
 And while the World turns round, entire and whole
 He keeps the sacred Tenour of his Soul;
 In every Turn of Fortune still the same,
 As Gold unchang'd, or brighter from the Flame:
 Collected in himself, with godlike Pride,
 He sees the Darts of Envy glance aside;
 And fix'd like *Atlas*, while the Tempests blow,
 Smiles at the idle Storms that roar below.

One such you know, a Layman to your Shame,
 And yet the Honour of your Blood and Name.
 If you can such a Character maintain,
 You are too free,—and I'm your Slave again.
 But when in *Brun's* feign'd Battles you delight
 More than myself to see two Drunkards fight,
 Fool, Rogue, Sot, Blockhead, or such Names
 are mine,
 Yours are a Connoisseur, or deep Divine.
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious Bit,
 The sacred Prize of Learning, Worth, and Wit:
 And yet some sell their Lands these Bits to buy;
 Then pray who suffers most from Luxury!
 I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no Plate,
 I seal no Bonds, I mortgage no Estate.
 Besides high Living, Sir, must wear you out
 With Surfeits, Qualms, a Fever, or the Gout.
 By some new Pleasures are you still engross'd,
 And when you save an Hour you think it lost.
 To Sports, Plays, Races, from your Books you run,
 And like all Company except your own.
 You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme:
 Why?—but to banish Thought, and murder Time.
 And yet that Thought which you discharge in vain,
 Like a foul loaded Piece, recoils again.

(166)

Poet. *Tom*, fetch a Cane, a Whip, a Club, a Stone,—

Servant. For what?

Poet. A Sword, a Pistol, or a Gun.

I'll shoot the Dog.

Serv. Lord, who would be a Wit?

He's in a mad, or in a rhyming Fit.

Poet. Fly, fly, you Rascal, for your Spade and Fork;
For once I'll set your lazy Bones to work.
Fly, or I'll send you back without a Groat
To the bleak Mountains where you first were caught.

E P I G R A M.

*On the Rev. Mr. Hanbury's PLANTATION, and MUSIC
MEETING, at Church Langton, in Leicestershire.*

SO sweet thy *Strain*, so thick thy *Shade*,
The pleas'd Spectator fees
The Miracle once more display'd
Of *Orpheus* and his *Trees*.



THE

T H E

L A W - S T U D E N T :

To George Colman, A. M. of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permessidos undâ?

Romanum propius divitiusque Forum est. MARTIAL.

NOW Christ-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important Studies of the Law begin.

Now groan the Shelves beneath th' unusual Charge

Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.

Each classic Author seeks his peaceful Nook,

And modest Virgil yields his Place to *Coke*,

No more, ye Bards, for vain Precedence hope,

But even *Jacob* take the Lead of *Pope*!

While the pil'd Shelves sink down on one another,

And each huge Folio has it's cumb'rous Brother,

While, arm'd with these, the Student views with Awe

His Rooms become the Magazine of Law,

Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,

So few e'er reach the promis'd Goal of Fame?

Say, why *Cæcilius* quits the gainful Trade

For Regimentals, Sword, and smart Cockade?

Or *Sextus* why his first Profession leaves
For narrower Band, plain Shirt, and pudding Sleeves?

The Depth of Law asks Study, Thought, and Care;
Shall we seek these in rich *Alonzo's* Heir?
Such Diligence, alas! is seldom found
In the brisk Heir to forty thousand Pound.
Wealth, that excuses Folly, Sloth creates,
Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get Estates.
What is to him dry Case, or dull Report,
Who studies Fashions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that Thing of Emptiness and Show,
That Mungrel, half-form'd Thing, a Temple-Beau?
Observe him daily sauntering up and down,
In purple Slippers, and in filken Gown;
Last Night's Debauch, his Morning Conversation;
The Coming, all his Evening Preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain Renown!
Florio's a Gentleman, a Man o'th' Town.
He nor Courts, Clients, or the Law regarding,
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden.
Yet he's a Scholar;—mark him in the Pit
With Critic Catcall found the Stops of Wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the Throng,
Censor of Stile from Tragedy to Song:

Him

Him ev'ry Witling views with secret Awe,
 Deep in the Drama, shallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
 Contemn the Science, they can ne'er attain :
 Who write and read, but all by Fits and Starts,
 And varnish Folly with the Name of Parts;
 Trust on to Genius, for they scorn to pore,
 'Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law Care only can attain,
 Where Honour's purchas'd at the Price of Pain.
 If, loit'ring, up th' Ascent you cease to climb,
 No Starts of Labour can redeem the Time.
 Industrious Study wins by slow Degrees,
 True Sons of *Coke* can ne'er be Sons of Ease.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has smit,
 Who, blind to Interest, arrant Dupes to Wit,
 Have wander'd devious in the pleasing Road,
 With Attic Flowers and Classic Wreaths bestrew'd :
 Wedded to Verse, embrac'd the Muse for Life,
 And ta'en, like modern Bucks, their Whores to Wife.
 Where'er the Muse usurps despotic Sway,
 All other Studies must of Force give Way.
 Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent Claim,
 Non-suited by the pow'rful Plea of Fame.

As

As well you might weigh Lead against a Feather,
As ever jumble Wit and Law together.

On *Littleton*, *Coke* gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks!)

“ In all our Author’s Tenures, be it noted,
“ This is the fourth Time any Verse is quoted.”

Which, ’gainst the Muse and Verse, may well imply
What Lawyers call a *Noli Prosequi*.

Quit then, dear *George*, O quit the barren Field,
Which neither Profit nor Reward can yield!
What tho’ the sprightly Scene, well-acted, draws
From unpack’d Englishmen unbrib’d Applause,
Some Monthly Grub, some *Dennis* of the Age,
In Print cries shame on the degen’rate Stage.*
If haply *Churchill* strive, with generous Aim,
’To fan the Sparks of Genius to a Flame;
If all UNASKED, UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
By noting thy Desert, he prove his own;
Envy shall strait to *Hamilton’s* Repair,
And vent her Spleen, and Gall, and Venom there,

* Alluding to certain disingenuous and illiberal Criticisms in the *Critical Review*; wherein the *Jealous Wife*, a Comedy, and the Author of that Play, as well as his Friends, were at different Times attacked, with equal Virulence and Insolence,

Thee, and thy Works, and all thy Friends decry,
 And boldly print and publish a rank Lie,
 Swear your own Hand the flatt'ring Likeness drew,
 Swear your own Breath Fame's partial Trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your Friends have said,
 (Friends whom the surest Maxims ever led)
 Turn Parson, *Colman*, that's the Way to thrive;
 Your Parsons are the happiest Men alive.
 Judges, there are but Twelve, and never more,
 But Stalls untold, and Bishops, Twenty-four,
 Of Pride and Claret, Sloth and Ven'son full,
 Yon Prelate mark, Right Reverend and dull!
 He ne'er, good Man, need pensive Vigils keep
 To preach his Audience once a Week to sleep;
 On rich Preferments battens at his Ease,
 Nor sweats for Tithes, as Lawyers toil for Fees.

Thus they advis'd. I know thee better far;
 And cry, stick close, dear *Colman*, to the Bar!
 If Genius warm thee, where can Genius call
 For nobler Action than in yonder Hall?
 'Tis not enough each Morn, on Term's Approach,
 To club your legal Threepence for a Coach;
 Then at the Hall to take your silent Stand,
 With Ink-horn and long Note-book in your Hand,
Marking

Marking grave Serjeants cite each wise Report,
 And noting down sage Dictums from the Court,
 With overwhelming Brow, and Law-learn'd Face,
 The Index of your Book of Common-place.

These are mere Drudges, that can only plod,
 And tread the Path their dull Forefathers trod,
 Doom'd thro' Law's Maze, without a Clue, to range,
 From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.
 Do Thou uplift thine Eyes to happier Wits!
 Dulness no longer on the Woolpack sits;
 No longer on the drawling dronish Herd
 Are the first Honours of the Law conferr'd;
 But they, whose Fame Reward's due Tribute draws,
 Whose active Merit challenges Applause,
 Like glorious Beacons, are set high to view,
 To mark the Paths which Genius shou'd pursue.

O for thy Spirit, *Mansfield!* at thy Name
 What Bosom glows not with an active Flame?
 Alone from Jargon born to rescue Law,
 From Precedent, grave Hum, and formal Saw!
 To strip Chican'ry of its vain Pretence,
 And marry Common Law to Common Sense!

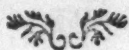
Pratt! on thy Lips Persuasion ever hung!
 English falls, pure as Manna, from thy Tongue:

On thy Voice Truth may rest, and on thy Plea
Unerring *Henley* found the just Decree.

Henley than whom, to *Hardwick's* well-rais'd Fame,
No worthier second Royal *GEORGE* cou'd name :
No Lawyer of Prerogative : no Tool
Fashion'd in black Corruption's pliant School ;
Form'd, twixt the People and the Crown to stand,
And hold the Scales of Right with even Hand !

True to our Hopes, and equal to his Birth,
See, see in *Yorke* the Force of lineal Worth !
But why their sev'ral Merits need I tell ?
Why on each honour'd Sage's Praises dwell ?
Wilmot how well his Place, or *Foster* fills ?
Or shrew'd Sense beaming from the Eye of *Willes* ?

Such, while thou see'st the public Care engage,
Their Fame increasing with increasing Age.
Rais'd by true Genius, bred in *Phæbus'* School,
Whose warmth of Soul found Judgment knew to cool ;
—With such illustrious Proofs before your Eyes,
Think not, my Friend, you've too much Wit to rise :
Think of the Bench, the Coif, long Robe, and Fee,
And leave the Press to ***** ** *



T H E
M O U S E and O Y S T E R.

WHEN Midnight's fable Veil o'erspread the
Plain,

When Bats and Fairies, Mice and *Morpheus* reign,
A bold undaunted Mouse that long defy'd
The various Stratagems that *Kate* had try'd,
His destin'd Doom receiv'd, for soon or late,
Both Mice and Monarch's must submit to Fate.

Oft was the Moon with silver Lustre crown'd,
Since the nocturnal Pirate march'd his Round;
Soon as his Foe, the Sun, had took his Flight,
Trips forth the little Champion of the Night;
With cautious Tread, secure from fell Mishap,
Of Puffs, of Poison, or tremendous Trap,
Still at the Head of his rapacious Clan,
He skipt from Shelf to Shelf, from Pan to Pan;
With Nose sagacious smoak'd the baited Gin,
Wary and conscious of the Snare within:
Now feasts on rich Variety of Meats,
And oft in Cheese his own Apartments eats;
Regales on Floods of Cream, Ragouts, and Cakes,
Of all the Dainties of the Day partakes:

Now

Now forms rich Conserve with voluptuous Taste,
 And saps the tender Tenements of Paste.
 As yet unharm'd the Epicure patrol'd,
 And fearless o'er his silent Suburbs stroll'd;
 Luxurious Nights in pleasing Plunder pass'd,
 Nor dreamt that this was doom'd to be his last.
 For now the Time—the destin'd Time was sent;
 So Fate ordain'd,—and who can Fate prevent?

Thick Shades once more had veil'd the haunted House,
 Once more from Coverts bolts th' adventurous Mouse,
 Lighting in evil Hour in Quest of Prey,
 Where in a Groupe th' avenging Oyster lay:
 A Fish commission'd from the watry Throng,
 With Ligament of scaly Armour strong;
 Lay with expanded Jaws, and gaping Shell,
 (But who the sad Catastrophe can tell?)
 The dainty Mouse, still craving some new Dish,
 Enters the gloomy Mansions of the Fish;
 With Beard exploring, and with luscious Lip,
 He longs the Pickle of the Seas to sip.
 Rous'd by his Tusks, th' elastic Oyster fell,
 Caught close the Caitiff's Head in watry Cell;
 In vain the Victim labours to get free,
 From Durance hard, and dread Captivity;
 Lock'd in the close Embrace, ensnar'd he lies,
 In Pill'ry safe, pants, struggles, squeaks, and dies.

Thus

(176)

Thus the just Fate of his own Crimes he meets,
Like Rakes, expiring in destructive Sweets.

Now placed on high, the Master views the Prize,
And hails the Conquest with exulting Eyes!
And when beneath sedate he sits and smoaks,
And cracks his Nuts, his Bottles, or his Jokes,
This Tale he tells to grace the Christmas Pye,
And to the trophy'd Relicts points on high.

TRANSLATION of an ancient EPITAPH

In the Cloysters of *Winchester College.*

E P I T A P H.

Clausus Johannes jacet hic sub marmore Clarkus,
Qui fuit hic quondam Presbyter et Socius.
In terrâ Roseos solitus stillare Liquores,
In cœlo vivis nunc quoque gaudet Aquis.

T R A N S L A T I O N.

Beneath this Stone lies shut up in the dark,
A Fellow and a Priest, yclept *John Clark*:
With *earthly Rose-Water* he did delight ye,
But now he deals in *heavenly Aqua-vitæ*.

(177)

THE
NEW - YEAR's - GIFT.

Presented with a Pair of

SILK STOCKINGS,

To Miss *Bell Cooke*, of *Eton*.

I.

TO please the Fair, in courtly Lays
The Poet plays his Part,
One tenders Snuff, Another Praise,
A *Tooth-pick* or a *Heart*.

II.

Alike They all, to gain their End
Peculiar Arts disclose,
While I, submissive, only fend
An *humble Pair of Hose*.

III.

Long may they guard from Cold and Harm,
The snowy Legs that wear 'em,
And kindly spread their Influence warm
To every Thing that's near 'em.

M

But

IV.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
Nor move your Indignation,
If I a little partial seem
In Gift or Commendation.

V.

Each fair Perfection to display
Would far exceed my Charter ;
My modest Muse must never stray
Above the Knee, or Garter.

VI.

And who did e'er a Basis view
So worthy to be prais'd ?
Or from so fair Foundation knew
So fine a Fabrick rais'd ?

VII.

Thou learned Leech, sage * * * * say,
Since spite of Drugs and Plaisters,
You now can talk the live-long Day
Of Pillars and Pilasters ;

VIII.

You that for Hours have rov'd about,
Thro' Halls and Colonades,
And scarce would deign to tread on aught
But Arches and Arcades ;

Did

IX.

Did you in all your mazy Round
Two nobler Pillars view?
What yielding Marble e'er was found
So exquisitely true?

X.

The swelling Dome with stately show
May many Fancies please;
I view, content, what lies below—
The Cornice and the Frieze.

XI.

The beauteous Twins so fair, so round,
That bear the noble Pile,
Must sure proceed from *Venus' Mount*,
Or from * *Cythera's Isle*.

XII.

Propitious Fates, preserve 'em safe,
And keep 'em snug together,
And grant they may the Malice brave
Of Man as well as Weather.

* Two Places from whence the Ancients brought
Materials for their most noble Structures.

XIII.

From luckless Love, or Rancour base,
May never Ill attend 'em;
And grant, whatever be the Case,
That I may still defend 'em.

XIV.

By gentle, gen'rous Love, 'tis true,
They never can miscarry;
Nor Damage come, nor Loss ensue,
From honest, harmless *Harry*:

XV.

But should a Knight of greater Heat
Precipitate invade,
Believe me, *Bell*, they then may need
Some seasonable Aid:

XVI.

O may I ever be at Hand
From ev'ry Harm to screen 'em,
Then, *Samson-like*, I'll take my Stand,
And live or die between 'em.



EXALTATION:

E X A L T A T I O N :

O R, T H E

S I G N A T U R E of L O V E.

A D E S C R I P T I V E P A S T O R A L.

In the *Modern* Style.

Beneath the Shadows of a glimmering Oak,
Where conscious Meads in soft Delusion broke,
And ancient Murmurs, tremblingly awake,
Repel the neighbouring Coolness of the Brake;
Two Swains, reclining, sooth'd th' enamour'd Tongue,
And thus, with fragrant Vows, their Pipes they strung.

S T R E P H O N.

In every Grove the various Floods combine;
A thousand Beauties bask upon the Line;
The solemn Breezes emulate the Day;
But Chloe is the Subject of my Lay.

C O R Y D O N.

Let Thunder, sick'ning, smile upon the Ground,
And mazy Beams reflect a dawning Sound;
Let lofty Ecchoes on Meanders throng;
But Phillis is the Burden of my Song.

M 3

S T R E P H O N

S T R E P H O N.

Chloe's to me more fair than azure Sight;
More soft than Heifers melting into Light:
O come, ye Swains, and leave th' enamel'd Morn;
The mossy Garlands rival your return.

C O R Y D O N.

My Phillis, wond'ring, strives the Heat to pierce,
And smiles precarious through the gay Reverse:
Ye Hills and Dales that chear the verdant Sand,
Bear me where ages float at her Command.

S T R E P H O N.

My Love, regardless of the vernal Main,
Like Honey blushing, variegates my Pain;
And, like the Bee, she smooths the mantled Green;
Soft as the Stars, and as the Hills serene.

C O R Y D O N.

My Love is like the rural Seats above;
The Canopy of Fate is like my Love;
My Love is like the Deep, in Purple drest,
And all Ambrosia warbles in her Breast.

S T R E P H O N.

Now tell me, Corydon, and Chloe take,
What Thing is that, by Kings expell'd the Lake,
Whose airy Footsteps faded as they grew,
Produc'd in Silence, yet alive in blue?

CORYDON.

(183)

C O R Y D O N.

First tell me, Strephon, and be Phillis thine,
What Thing is that so daringly divine,
By Reason feather'd, and by Nature prest,
Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unblest?

M E N A L C A S.

Enough, enough—O Shepherds, your Delay
Retards the fleecy Partners of the Spray;
See, from yon Cloud impending Mirrors rise!
See how the Vallies wanton in the Skies!
From Wave to Wave reluctant Shades appear,
Revolving Swans proclaim the Welkin near,
And aid the breathing Surface of the Year.

E X T E M P O R E L E T T E R

From Captain THOMAS * at Bernera, to
Captain PRICE at Fort Augustus.

Written just before signing the Peace of Aix la Chapelle.

“ C O M E, *Thomas*, give us t'other Sonnet,”
Dear Captain, pray reflect upon it:
Was ever so absurd a Thing,
What, at the Pole to bid me sing?

* Formerly Student of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

Alas ! search all those Mountains round,
 There's no Thalia to be found ;
 And Fancy, Child of southern Skies,
 Averse, the fullen Region flies ———

I scribble Verses? why you know,
 I left the Muses long ago ;
 Deserted all the tuneful Band,
 To right the Files, and study *Bland*.

Indeed in Youth's fantastick Prime
 Misled, I wander'd into Rhyme,
 And am'rous Sonnets penn'd in Plenty,
 On ev'ry Nymph, from twelve to twenty.
 Compar'd to Roses, and to Lillies
 The Cheeks of *Chloe* and of *Phillis*;
 With all the Cant you'd find in many
 A still-born modern Miscellany.
 My Lines, how proud was I to see 'em,
 Steal into *Dodgley's* New Museum :
 Or in a Letter fair and clean
 Committed to the Magazine.
 Our Follies change; that Whim is o'er,
 The Bagatelles delight no more.
 Know by these Presents that in fine
 I quit all Commerce with the Nine !

Love

Love-Strains, and all poetick Matters,
 Lampoons, Epistles, Odes, and Satires,
 The Toys and Trifles I discard,
 And leave the Bays to Poet *Ward*. *

No, now to Politicks confin'd
 I give up all the busy Mind.
 Curious, each Pamphlet I peruse,
 And sip my Coffee o'er the News;
 But apropos, for last Courant
 Pray thank the Lady Gouvernante.
 But what's this Rumour in the Mail
 From *Aix*—pho, what is't, *la Chapelle*?
 A Peace unites the jarring Pow'rs,
 And ev'ry Trade will thrive but our's.
 "Farewell, as wrong'd *Othello* said,
 "The plumed Troops, and neighing Steed."
 The Troops alas! more Havock there
 A Peace will make, than all the War.
 What Crowds of Heroes, in a Day,
 Reduc'd to starve on Half their Pay!
 From *Lowendahl*, 'twould Pity meet,
 And *Saxe* himself might weep to see't.
 Already Fancy's active Power
 Fore-runs the near approaching Hour.

* An Officer in the same Regiment.

Methinks

Methinks (curs'd Chance) the fatal Stroke
 I feel, and seem already broke;
 The Park I faunter up and down,
 Or sit upon a Bench alone.
 Sneaking and sad—le juste portrait
 D'un pauvre Capitaine Reformè;
 My Wig, which shun'd each ruder Wind,
 Toupee'd before, and bagg'd behind,
 Which *John* was us'd, with nicest Art,
 To comb, and taught the Curls to part,
 Lost the Belle-air, the jaunty Pride,
 Now lank depends on either Side.
 My Hat grown white and rustick o'er
 Once bien trousse'd with Galon d'or.
 My Coat distain'd with Dust and Rain,
 And all my Figure quite Campaign.
 J'habillé fine with tarnish'd Lace,
 And Hunger pictur'd in my Face;
 Tavern or Coffee-house unwilling
 To give me Credit for a Shilling;
 Forbid by ev'ry scornful Belle,
 The Precincts of the gay Ruelle.
 My Vows, tho' breath'd in ev'ry Ear,
 Not e'en a Chambermaid will hear;
 No Silver in my Purse to pay
 For Opera Ticket, or the Play.

No

(187)

No Message sent to bid me come
A Fortnight after to a Drum.
No Visits or receiv'd or paid ;
No Ball, Ridotto, Masquerade.
All pensive, heartless, and Chagrin,
I fit devoted Prey to Spleen.

To you, dear *Price*, indulgent Heav'n
A gentler, happier Lot has giv'n ;
To you has dealt, with bounteous Hands,
Palladian Seats, and fruitful Lands.
Then in my Sorrows have the Grace
To take some Pity of my Case,
And, as you know the Times are hard,
Send a spruce Valet with a Card ;
Your Compliments——and beg I'd dine,
And taste your Mutton and your Wine ;
You'll find most punctual and observant,
Your most obliged and humble Servant.



NEW-MARKET.



N E W - M A R K E T.
A S A T I R E.

Πουλυπονος ιππεια,

Ος εμολες αιανη

Ταδε γα.

Sophocl. Elect. 508.

HIS Country's Hope, when now the blooming
Heir,
Has lost the Parent's, or the Guardian's Care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain Youth, say, what's the darling Joy?

Of

Of each rash Frolic what the Source and End,
His sole and first Ambition what?—to spend.

Some 'Squires to *Gallia's* Cooks devoted Dupes,
Whole Manors melt in Sauce, or drown in Soups:
Another doats on Fiddlers, till he sees
His Hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring Trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern Strains can move,
Like those of ancient *Greece*, th' obedient Grove:
In headless Statues rich, and useless Urns,
Marmoreo from the classic Tour returns. —

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'Squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent Sires;
How soonest soar to fashionable Shame,
Be damn'd at once to Ruin—and to Fame;
By Hands of Grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread *Olympic* Ground!

What Dreams of Conquest flush'd *Hilario's* breast,
When the good Knight at last retir'd to Rest!
Behold the Youth with new-felt Rapture mark
Each pleasing Prospect of the spacious Park:
That Park, where Beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those Beauties less the Work of Art than Age;
In simple State where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable Dress of ancient Years;
Where all the Charms of Chance with Order meet,
The Rude, the Gay, the Graceful and the Great.

Here

Here aged Oaks uprear their Branches hoar,
 And form dark Groves, which *Druids* might adore;
 With meeting Boughs, and deepening to the View,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous Avenue:
 Here various Trees compose a chequer'd Scene,
 Glowing in gay Diversities of Green:
 There the full Stream thro' intermingling Glades
 Shines a broad Lake, or falls in deep Cascades.
 Nor wants there hazle Copse, or beechen Lawn,
 To chear with Sun or Shade the bounding Fawn.

And see the good old Seat, whose *Gothic* Tow'rs
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted Bow'rs;
 Whose rafter'd Hall the crowding Tenants fed,
 And dealt to Age and Want their daily Bread,
 Where crested Knights, with peerless Damsels join'd,
 At high and solemn Festivals have din'd;
 Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining Task,
 In mystic Pageantries, and moral Mask.
 But vain all ancient Praise, or Boast of Birth,
 Vain all the Palms of old heroic worth!
 At once a Bankrupt, and a prosperous Heir,
Hilario bets.—Park, House, dissolve in Air.
 With antique Armour hung, his trophied Rooms
 Descend to Gamesters, Prostitutes, and Grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad Sires, and Mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the Lance, or sweetly smil'd,

All the fair Series of the whisker'd Race,
 Whose pictur'd Forms the stately Gallery grace;
 Debas'd, abus'd, the Price of ill-got Gold,
 To deck some Tavern vile, at Auctions fold.
 The Parish wonders at th' unopening Door,
 The Chimnies blaze, the Tables groan, no more.
 Thick Weeds around th' untrodden Courts arise,
 And all the social Scene in Silence lies.
 Himself, the Loss politely to repair,
 Turns Atheist, Fiddler, Highwayman, or Play'r.
 At length, the Scorn, the Shame of Man and God,
 Is doom'd to *rub* the Steeds that once he *rode*.

Ye rival Youths, your golden Hopes how vain,
 Your Dreams of Thousands on the lifted Plain!
 Not more fantastic *Sancho's* airy Course,
 When madly mounted on the magic Horse*,
 He pierc'd Heav'n's opening Spheres with dazzled Eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary Skies.
 Nor less, I ween, precarious in the Meed,
 Of young Adventurers on the Muse's Steed;
 For Poets have, like you, their destin'd Round,
 And Ours is but a *Race* on *classic* Ground.

Long Time, the Child of patrimonial Ease,
Hippolitus had carv'd Sirloins in Peace:|

* *Clavileno*. See *Don Quixote*, B. ii. Chap. 41.

Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by Toil or Wife,
 The mild *October* of a private Life :
 Long liv'd with calm domestic Conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his Game on safe paternal Ground :
 And, deaf to Honour's or Ambition's Call,
 With rural Spoils adorn'd his hoary Hall.
 As bland he puff'd the Pipe o'er weekly News
 His Bosom kindles with sublimer Views.
 Lo there, thy Triumphs, *Taaffe*, thy Palms, *Portmore* !
 Tempt him to stake his Lands and treasur'd Store.
 Like a new Bruiser on *Broughtonic* Sand,
 Amid the Lifts our Hero takes his Stand ;
 Suck'd by the Sharper, to the Peer a Prey,
 He rolls his Eyes that " witness huge Dismay ;"
 When lo ! the Chance of one inglorious Heat,
 Strips him of genial Cheer, and snug Retreat.
 How awkward now he bears Disgrace and Dirt,
 Nor knows the *Poor*'s last Refuge, to be *pert*.——
 The shiftless Beggar bears of Ills the worst,
 At once with *Dulness* and with *Hunger* curst.
 And feels the tasteless Breast *Equestrian* Fires,
 And dwells such mighty Rage in graver 'Squires ?
 In all Attempts, but for their Country, bold,
 Britain, thy CONSCRIPT COUNSELLORS behold ;
 (For Some perhaps, by Fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a Borough, from a lucky Bet,)

Smit with the Love of the *laconic* Boot,
 The Cap, and Wig succinct, the filken Suit,
 Mere modern *Phaetons*, usurp the Rein,
 And scour in rival race the tempting Plain.
 See, side by side, the Jockey and Sir *John*
 Discuss th' important Point——of *Six to One*.
 For oh! the boasted Privilege how dear,
 How great the Pride, to gain a Jockey's *Ear*! ——
 See, like a routed Host, with headlong Pace,
 Thy *Members* pour amid the mingling *Race*!
 All ask, what Crouds the Tumult could produce——
 Is *Bedlam*, or the *Commons* all broke loose?
 Their Way nor Reason guides, nor Caution checks,
 Proud on a *well-bred Thing* to risque their Necks.—
 Thy *Sages* hear, amid th' admiring Croud
 Adjudge the *Stakes*, most eloquently loud:
 With critic Skill, o'er dubious *Bets* preside,
 The low Dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty Wisdom, and judicious Prate,
 Of *distanc'd* Horses gravely fix the Fate:
 And with paternal Care unwearied watch
 O'er the *nice Conduct* of a daring *Match*.

Meantime, no more the mimic Patriots rise,
 To guard *Britannia's* Honour, warm and wise:
 No more in Senates dare assert her Laws,
 Nor pour the bold Debate in Freedom's Cause:

Neglect the Counsels of a sinking Land,
And know no *Rostrum*, but *New-Market's Stand*.

Is this the Band of Civil Chiefs design'd
On *England's* Weal to fix the pondering Mind?
Who, while their Country's Rights are set to Sale,
Quit *Europe's Ballance* for the *Jockey's Scale*.
O say, when least their sapient Schemes are crost,
Or when a Nation, or a *Match* is lost?
Who *Dams* and *Sires* with more exactness trace,
Than of their *Country's Kings* the sacred Race:
Think *London Journies* are the worst of Ills;
Subscribe to Articles, instead of *Bills*:
Strangers to all our *Annalists* relate,
Theirs are the *Memoirs* of th' *Equestrian State*:
Who lost to *Albion's* past and present Views,
HEBER*, thy *Chronicles* alone peruse.

Go on, brave Youths, till in some future Age,
Whips shall become the *Senatorial Badge*;
Till *England* see her thronging Senators
Meet all at *Westminster*, in Boots and Spurs;
See the whole *Houfe*, with mutual Frenzy mad,
Her Patriots all in Leathern Breeches clad:
Of *Bets*, not *Taxes*, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal Reins a *Steed* and *State*.

* Author of an *Historical LIST of the Running-Horses, &c.*

How would a virtuous * *Houbnbym* neigh Disdain,
 To see his Brethren brook th' imperious Rein;
 Bear Slavery's wanton Whip, or galling Goad,
 Smoak through the Glebe, or trace the destin'd Road;
 And robb'd of † Manhood by the murderous Knife,
 Sustain each sordid Toil of servile Life.
 Yet oh, what Rage would touch his generous Mind,
 To see his Sons of more than human Kind;
 A Kind, with each exalted Virtue blest,
 Each gentler feeling of the liberal Breast,
 Afford Diversion to that Monster base,
 That meanest Spawn of Man's Half-monkey Race;
 In whom Pride, Avarice, Ignorance, conspire,
 That hated Animal, a *Yaboo-Squire*.

How are the THERONS of these modern Days,
 Chang'd from those Chiefs who toil'd for *Grecian* bays;
 Who fir'd with genuine Glory's sacred Lust,
 Whirl'd the swift Axle through the *Pythian* dust.
 Theirs was the *Pisan* Olive's blooming Spray,
 Theirs was the *Theban* Bard's recording Lay.
 What though the Grooms of *Greece* ne'er took the odds?
 They won no *Bets*—but then they soar'd to Gods;
 And more an *Hiero's* Palm, a *Pindar's* Ode,
 Than all th' united *Plates* of *GEORGE* bestow'd.

* *Vid.* GULLIVER'S Travels. Voyage to the *Houbnbym*s.

† A Copy in the HADLEIAN Library reads HORSE-HOOD.

Greece ! how I kindle at thy magic Name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred Flame.
 Thy Scenes sublime, and awful Visions rise,
 In ancient Pride before my musing Eyes.
 Here *Sparta's* Sons in mute Attention hang,
 While just *Lycurgus* pours the mild Harangue;
 There *Xerxes'* Hosts, all pale with deadly Fear,
 Shrink at her fated * *Hero's* flashing Spear.
 Here hung with many a Lyre of silver String,
 The laureate Alleys of *Iliissus* spring :
 And lo, where rapt in Beauty's heavenly Dream
 Hoar *Plato* walks his oliv'd *Academe*. —

Yet ah ! no more the Land of Arts and Arms,
 Delights with Wisdom, or with Virtue warms.
 Lo ! the stern *Turk*, with more than *Vandal* Rage,
 Has blasted all the Wreaths of ancient Age :
 No more her Groves by Fancy's Feet are trod,
 Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fall'n is fair *Greece !* by Luxury's pleasing Bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign Chain.

Britannia watch ! O trim thy withering Bays,
 Remember thou hast rivall'd *Grecia's* Praise,
 Great Nurse of Works divine ! Yet oh ! beware
 Left thou the fate of *Greece*, my Country, share.

* *LEONIDAS.*

Recall

Recall thy wonted Worth with conscious Pride,
 Thou too hast seen a *Solon* in a *Hyde*;
 Hast bade thine *Edwards* and thine *Henries* rear
 With *Spartan* Fortitude the *British* spear;
 Alike has seen thy Sons deserve the Meed
 Or of the moral or the martial Deed.

E P I T A P H

To the pie-house Memory of NELL BATCHELOR, an
Oxford Pye-Woman.

I.

HERE deep in the Dust,
 The mouldy old Crust,
 Of *Nell Batchelor* lately was shoven;
 Who was skill'd in the Arts
 Of Pies, Puddings, and Tarts,
 And knew ev'ry Use of the Oven.

II.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
 She made her last Puff,
 A Puff by her Husband much prais'd;
 Now here she doth lie,
 And makes a dirt Pye,
 In hopes that her Crust will be rais'd.



THE
CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

Written in the late WAR.

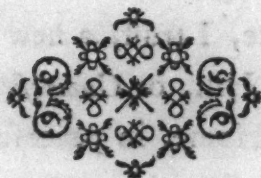
I Who with such Success — alas! till
The War came on — have *shav'd* the *Castle*;
Who *by the Nose*, with Hand unshaken,
The *boldest Heroes* oft have *taken*;
In humble Strain, am doom'd to mourn
My Fortune chang'd, and State forlorn!

My

My *Soap* scarce ventures into Froth,
 My *Razors* rust in idle Sloth!
 WISDOM*! to you my Verse appeals;
 You share the Griefs your *Barber* feels:
 Scarce comes a *Student* once a whole Age,
 To stock your desolated *College*.
 Our Trade how ill an Army suits!
 This comes of picking up *Recruits*.
 Lost is the *Robber's* Occupation,
 No *Robbing* thrives — but of the *Nation*:
 For hardy Necks no *Rope* is twisted,
 And e'en the *Hangman's* self is *lifted*.
 Thy Publishers, O mighty *Jackson*!
 With scarce a scanty Coat their Backs on,
Warning to Youth no longer teach,
 Nor *live* upon a *Dying Speech*.
 In Cassock clad, for want of Breeches,
 No more the *Castle-Chaplain* preaches.
 Oh! were our Troops but safely landed,
 And every Regiment disbanded!
 They'd make, I trust, a new Campaign
 On *Henley's Hill*, or *Campsfeld's Plain*:
 Destin'd at Home, in peaceful State,
 By me *fresh-shav'd*, to meet their Fate!

* The Governor of Oxford Castle.

Regard, ye Justices of peace!
 The CASTLE BARBER's piteous Case:
 And kindly make some snug Addition,
 To better his distressed Condition.
 Not that I mean, by such Expressions,
 To *shave* your *Worships* at the *Sessions*;
 Or would, with vain Presumption big,
 Aspire to *comb* the *Judge's Wig*: —
 Far less ambitious Thoughts are mine,
 Far humbler Hopes my Views confine. —
 Then think not that I ask amiss;
 My small Request is only this,
 That I, by Leave of LEIGH or PARDO,
 May, with the CASTLE — *shave* BOCARDO.
 Thus, as at *Jesus* oft I've heard,
 Rough Servitors in *Wales* preferr'd,
 The *Joneses*, *Morgans*, and *Ap-Rices*,
 Keep *Fiddles* with their BENEFICES.



IMITATION of HORACE.

Iccî, beatis nunc Arabum invides

Gazis, &c.

L. I. Ode xxix.

SO you, my Friend, at last are caught —
Where could you get so strange a Thought,
In Mind and Body found?
All meaner Studies you resign,
Your whole Ambition now to shine
The Beau of the Beau-monde.

Say, gallant Youth, what well-known Name
Shall spread the Triumphs of your Fame
Through all the Realms of *Drury*?
How will you strike the gaping Cit?
What Tavern shall record your Wit?
What Watchmen mourn your Fury?

What sprightly Imp of *Gallic* Breed
Shall have the Culture of your Head,
(I mean the outward Part)
Form'd by his Parent's early Care
To range in nicest Curls the Hair,
And wield the Puff with Art?

No

No more let Mortals toil in vain,
By wise conjecture to explain

What rolling Time will bring:

Thames to his Source may upwards flow,
Or *Garrick* six Foot high may grow,
Or Witches thrive at *Tring*:

Since you each better Promise break,
Once fam'd for Slovenliness and *Greek*,

Now turn'd a very *Paris*,
For Lace and Velvet quit your Gown,
The STAGYRITE for Mr. TOWN,*
For *Drury Lane St. MARY's*.

S O N G.

GIVE Ear, and a comical Story I'll tell,
'Tis of an old Doctor you know very well,
Who, tho' grave as a Saint, got drunk as all Hell.

Tol de rol, lol, &c.

It was on a Sunday, as all have agreed ;
For the Doctor he held it a Part of his Creed,
That the better the Day, the better the Deed.

* Author of the CONNOISSEUR.

He

He fat, and he drank, and he toasted old Cripsey,
But he never suspected he e'er should grow tipsy,
He bung'd *cum seipso* 'till he was not *seipse*.

And when he had gotten as drunk as ten Bears,
He put on his Surplice, and stagger'd down Stairs,
Tho' not able to speak, yet resolv'd to read Pray'rs.

To the Desk then he came, and bow'd low on each Side,
I will rise and go to my Father, he cry'd;
But stumbled and prov'd that he damnably lied.

To the Psalms then he got, but would you know how,
He spew'd on King *David*, and likely I trow,
For he was as drunk as was *David's* old Sow.

To the Collects he got then, with great Hesitation,
While the Company all were in great Expectation,
Instead of a Pray'r came an Ejaculation.

And now with respect to the Gown and the Band,
How bravely must flourish the Church of this Land,
Supported by Pillars not able to stand!

Tol de rol, lol, &c.

F I N I S.

